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Without Sound of Hammer

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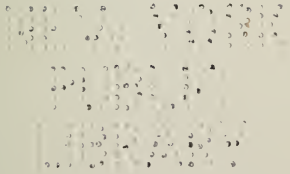
To My Mother



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WITHOUT SOUND OF HAMMER

The Dream of a King

Sitting in his house, three thousand years ago, a king had a beautiful dream. It may have been at the twilight hour, when the long rays of the setting sun fell softly through the windows of the palace, turning everything they touched into gold and awakening memory from its slumbering. God had been very good to him; the king was at peace with the world. It had not always been so. Slipping its leash, his mind went back through the years until he once more threaded the rough mountain paths of the homeland, watching his father's sheep. How fondly memory touched the cords as he recalled those early days! Not more sweet had been the notes of his harp in the long ago than was the music wakened now upon the heart-strings of the old man's soul when stirred by the fingers of time!

Very full had been the years which lay between. From shepherd boy to king of a

mighty nation! Up through joy and through sorrow, pleasure and pain, success and failure, to the very pinnacle of earthly grandeur! What a story it was, as David read it over again through the mist of the silent years!

Is the cup full, then? The king asks himself the question, and something like a doubt rises to mar the joy of the moment. He turns to Nathan, the man who stands most close to him of any in all Israel, a new light in his eye, his hand trembling with the excitement of the great thought just coming into being in his soul. His voice thrills with emotion as he speaks:

"See, now, I dwell in a house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains!"

Quickly the aged prophet reads the soul of the king.

"Go, do all that is in thine heart, for the Lord is with thee!"

Did they two, sitting together in the twilight, plan the details of the house which was to be? It would not be strange if they did, nor that David should at last, far on in the night, go to his bed to dream over and over again of the days gone by, and to see in his fancy the walls of the temple he longed to build as the last glad service of his life, his supreme offering of love to God in return for the goodness which had led him through all the years.

But before the light of morning fell through his lattice, Nathan knew that he had let his heart run ahead of the will of Jehovah. A vision of another kind than that which had made glad the dreams of the king the evening before came to him. Was it easy, do you think, for Nathan to go into the king's presence that day and carry out the mission which had been laid upon him? To tell David how sore a disappointment was in store for him? That, although God had indeed taken him "from the sheepcote, from following the sheep, to be ruler over the people, over Israel," and although he would build for David a house that should never fall, still it must be left for the king's son to carry out the dream of the temple? Like steel in the heart of the prophet must it have been to deliver that message, particularly when it came to saying that the reason why this great longing was to be denied lay in the fact that the king's hands had been so stained with blood that they were not fitted for a work so pure and so holy as he had contemplated.

If sorrow also pierced the soul of the king as he listened to the word which had come to him from Jehovah, it must have vanished very quickly in the joy of knowing that God had determined to establish his seed on the throne forever, for not one word of disappointment shows through the beautiful song of praise and thankful sub-

mission which he lifts up while sitting before the Lord. The dream had not faded; it was only delayed for a little. He would not suffer his heart to be stirred by any feeling of bitterness, for was it not his own son who would in the days to come carry out his cherished plan? What were a few years of postponement, when compared to the exaltation which God was soon to bestow upon him!

Very tender is David's heart as he goes in to meet Jehovah. With soul filled to overflowing with gratitude, he breaks out into one of the richest psalms ever sung, acknowledging all the blessings which had been showered upon him, and losing himself in rapture at the thought of the effulgence of the glory yet to be. Then he rises bravely to do all in his power to make ready the material which should one day enter into the construction of the house that could never be to him more than a lovelit dream. If he could not carve the statue, he could choose the marble in the quarry. Though it were denied him to eat of the fruit of the tree, he could at least plant the seed from which it would grow. His might not be the joy of sailing out to the conquest of nations beyond the sea, but he could lay the keel of the ship which should bear the victor to his triumph!

"Neither Hammer nor Ax"

Eleven years of toil and the dream of David came true. Faithful to the commission laid upon him by his father, Solomon set himself about the mighty task before him. How strong are the words he addresses to Hiram, King of Tyre!

"I purpose to build an house unto the name of the Lord God!"

"Ever a lover of David," and true to Solomon for the sake of his father, Hiram joyously responded to the call for help "concerning timber of cedar and concerning timber of fir." Not more faithfully could he have labored if the house had been designed for his own glory. Only when the last stone was laid and the finishing touch put upon the building did Hiram stay his hand. Never was temple wrought like that! Without sound of hammer!

"No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung!"

Far away in the woods of Lebanon the timbers were cut and hewed, the royal gift of the King of Tyre. Borne to the sea and floated in rafts to Joppa, the heavy beams were carried across the country to the capital city, where they were lifted to place in silence; no sound of ax woke the quiet of the sacred mount. Before they were brought to their niche in the founda-

tion walls, the great stones were cut and carved from the quarry. The ring of chisel fell not on the ear as they were one after another laid side by side in place. Away in the valley of the Jordan, "in the clay-ground between Succoth and Zarthan," were the furnaces in which were cast the basins and pieces of bronze. Not even the dust from the fires of those red-hot forges must fall on the site of the temple that was to be. The mines of Parvaim yielded their tribute of gold for the temple service and the interior adornments; but never a stroke of tool disturbed the solemn silence of the holy mount. The panels of costly wood all received their delicate tracery of lilies and pomegranates in some far-distant workman's shop, so that the noise of no chisel might wake the stillness of the sacred spot. Even the precious stones went to their place in the same impressive silence!

At last the dream was realized. Grand, glorious, beautiful, beyond David's most golden fancy; and all without sound of hammer!

Another Dream in the Firelight

Alone in the firelight sits another king. Ribbons of red, torn from the heart of the old maple, lap the fagots cheerily, then fling their pencils of gold away to drive the shadows from the room, lingering tenderly on the face of the dreamer sitting there.

His vision, too, is of a temple, built, like that of David's son, to the glory of God. This also has its inspiration in love, and must be glorious as was the royal gift of the man of three thousand years ago. Like it, too, this temple must be reared without sound of hammer.

True, somewhere the sound of axes will waken the echoes as the beams are cut from the forest; somewhere steel will ring on steel, as the blocks of granite are riven from the quarry and shaped for their place in the temple walls; somewhere the fire must glow fiercely and the forges cast their gleams of red skyward, until the ore from the mountain has been fashioned for God's service; and somewhere the mallet and the chisel must glint, as the workman carves the flowers which shall adorn and beautify this house the king purposes in his heart to build to Jehovah.

But after all the clash and the storm, when the stress of the busy day is over, these are all to be brought together and laid up silently in the building of God's temple; for this is His way of making the things which endure.

Out of the earth He lifts the particles of matter He laid away out of sight in the long ago and changes them into wood with which He wraps the century-old oak. No one sees the mysterious work while it is in progress; no ear ever catches the

faintest sound of hammer nor ax. He gives the word, and the stream gathers up bits of mineral God once hid away along its banks, sweeping them into some little cavern, to lie there until other particles have been folded about them, so that at last the agate is born. How silently the stone grew! No one but God knew how or when it was done!

Or it may be like the wound in the side of the little creature of the sea, which sends it to the bottom, hundreds of feet below the surface, to build in the darkness out of its pain the glittering thing the pearl-diver brings up at the risk of his life to shine at the neck of a queen. No sound. So silently must this temple of the other king be built!

"Is It I?"

But who is this other king, dreaming in the firelight? Is it you? Is it I? O, friend of my heart, has not the vision come to you and to me? In our heart of hearts have we not longed to build to the glory of God a temple which shall stand beyond the reach of time? Even now do we not feel the thrill of the holy passion to begin now, this very day, to build for Him a house, a temple of the soul? The dream is glorious; it is worthy. Will not God give it His approval? Listening, may we not hear not the voice of the prophet,

but of God Himself whispering to us out of the shadows, "Go, do all that is in thine heart, for the Lord is with thee!"

Can we do it? The work is so mighty and we are so weak! Listen again!

"*Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness!*"

And can we longer doubt?

Out of the Old

Do you remember the day when you moved out of the old house into the new? It may be the home of your boyhood was a humble house, built of logs cut from the woods once crowding to the very doorway. Even yet you recall its wide chinks, roughly stopped with clay. But there came a time when Father said, "A better time is coming for us, Wife! We will have a new home! It is surely coming, little ones! I see it in the near future!" How your heart bounded at the word, although you could scarce yet realize all the words might mean. Still, your boyish mind could understand, though but faintly, that the change would bring more of joy, more of comfort, and brighter hopes for the days to come.

What if for a while there were months when you lived out in the plainest quarters, while the new house was in the building?

That would soon pass. Hope sang a cheery song every day; and when the logs of the old house were lost in the fire and smoke, and just on the same spot where the old home had been the walls and beams of the better building were laid, with what joy you ran on the timbers, perhaps with your feet all bare! With how much of interest you watched the workmen as they lifted the house, piece by piece, to its place! The old had been left behind. A little farther on, and the new would pass from dream to realization!

Speaking of the happiness which came to him when he turned out of the pathway of sin and set his steps on the shining way of light, a friend says: "Everything looked so differently to me! The grass was greener; the flowers were more beautiful; the faces of my dear ones, and even of those I once thought most unlovely, now looked so good to me!" It was the joy of moving out of the old house.

Over the Threshold

Is not this true of us, as we stand to-day with our faces turned away from the old life, the inspiration of the temple which is stirring our hearts to their very depths, and awakening in our souls sweeter songs than ever rang there before? What are we leaving? A cave, mayhap, with its

dust, its shadows, and its cobwebs; a building of logs, through the cracks of which the winds of winter whistled mournfully, bringing the snowdrift to our pillow long before morning; a poor, imperfect, unlovely life, with rags and tattered shreds of broken purposes.

But, to what are we coming? Oh, the joy of it! We look forward to the temple of beauteous walls, of costly service of gold and silver and bronze, of tracery of lilies and unfolding roses—a temple all-glorious within, for is it not the dwelling place of the Spirit Himself? We know it, because the Word tells us so.

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price. . . ."

Then joyfully we will step over the threshold of the old life, with all its failures, all its heartaches, and all its bitterness. With firm purpose we set our hand to the work of building the temple of the pure heart. God grant it may be so fair that one day we may hear Him say to us:

"I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication, that thou hast made before Me: I have hallowed this house which thou hast built to put My name there forever; and Mine eye and Mine heart shall be there perpetually!"

On the Rock Foundation

The people of the whole state, and particularly those of the city in which it stood, were not long ago startled by the report that one of the largest buildings of the country was settling, so that arm-wide fissures had come in its walls, rendering it no longer safe for occupation. In haste the city summoned its inspectors and bade them find out the truth. If the building were indeed in such a dangerous condition, they were to ascertain what could be done to strengthen it; and in any case they were to determine the cause of this terrible state of affairs.

The inspectors did as they were bidden and made their report as quickly as possible. Never again, in their opinion, could the building be made really safe. For a time its walls might be strengthened, but soon the entire structure must be taken down or it would fall, carrying death and destruction to all who might happen to be in it; for the foundation was not secure; the earth beneath was fast sinking. The builders had not laid its lower walls on the rock!

Only the Rock Standeth Sure!

Was it last week you saw a man pass this way with a stride like a king? His head was erect. In his eye flashed the light

of hope and success. Men who met him bowed and smiled, counting themselves fortunate to be numbered as his friends. His note of hand would be taken for any amount. His advice was sought in matters of state and nation. His fame had gone far out into the world. And that was only last week!

Just now he passed again. Who was that with him? Surely not an officer of the law? And yet he wore the blue and his hand was on the arm of the man with the kingly air of a few days ago. How can this be? A prisoner? Aye, a prisoner, on his way to the bar! And why? Ah! the shine from the altar of sin fell upon his face, and when he looked up there was a stain on his forehead that will brand him till his dying day! He put out his hand to touch a thing which was not his to touch, and as he pulled it back he saw that it was scarred forever!

And yet, why? His life had not been founded upon the rock, and he went down.

When the men of Tyre who built the temple of Solomon came to lay its foundation walls, they found that there was much for them to do before they could place in position the lower beams. They must clear away the rubbish which littered the chosen spot upon Mount Moriah; they must dig deep down by the side of the cliff and cleave away the earth and crum-

bling stone till they came to solid ground; for God's house must be founded upon the solid rock. Only when they had reached the firm foundation could they hope to build securely.

Our One Foundation

Success or failure, life or death, heaven or hell, depend upon how we lay the foundation of our life-temple. How may we be sure we are right? Stand still and hearken to the voice which speaks to us out of the Word:

"*Take heed how ye build; for other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ.*"

Men have tried to build upon other foundations and found out that the words of God's servant are true. We get in a hurry sometimes, and want to see results as soon as possible. We make haste to scrape away a bit of the surface and lay the walls of our temple there. "It is well!" we say. "God will not notice the foundation, if only the superstructure be beautiful; or if He does, He will let it pass, for He is good and will be merciful!"

So thousands have said, and their house has gone down to ruin! Beautifully-carved stones, beams from the choicest of woods, gold, silver, and bronze from the richest of mines—all gone down to dust and ashes

because the foundation was not sure! Oh, the wretched hopes, the agonizing hearts of fathers and mothers who have toiled and wept and prayed for their sons and daughters; Oh, the pity and the shame and the torture of soul which sin brings to the man who has not dug deep and laid his faith on the Rock!

Come, then; let you and I be sure of our work! Let us get near to Him and take Him to be our Foundation Stone. Only so may we see the work of our hands prosper. Only then will our temple some day stand complete, its towers among the stars, its windows all alight with the glow from the city of gold, its every room made radiant by the glory shining out from the throne of God!

Beauty in the Broken Rock

A few years ago, when making some changes in our home in the country, we planned to lift the building a little higher and put under it a better wall. Quite by chance we discovered a quarry of excellent stone, half-hidden under the bank of a little stream which made its way down one side of the farm. From this we took many loads of rock, separating the stone from the great ledge with wedges and other tools we had made for the purpose. Day after day we worked there in the

shadows of the trees bending over the stream, shaping the blocks for their place in the wall.

When at last they were all ready to be laid up as a new foundation to the old home, the man who had come to do the work stood for some time gazing down at the pieces; then he said:

"Why did you not give these stones a rock face? They are too fine to be laid this way! They would look so much better the other way!"

"A rock-face?" I asked, wonderingly. "I do not know just what you mean. Tell me about it."

The rocks looked very beautiful to me. Nature, with her mysterious dyes, had given them a lovely deep-blue color. They were firm and free from flaws—the finest stones I had ever seen. And then, too, I had spent so many days carving them out for the wall, making their edges straight and true! How could anything of beauty be given to them? For a moment it hurt my pride a bit that the workman should suggest such a thing.

For answer he lifted his hammer and gave one of the stones a sharp rap. Away flew a great flake from the edge of my handsome stone! Surely it had been ruined! I could scarce keep back a cry of sorrow at the work which had been wrought. Another blow, and still another,

struck with pitiless force. But the hammer in the hands of this master had changed the rock I had thought so perfect into a thing of undreamed-of beauty. No longer dull and plain as it had been when it left my untrained hands, a glory was revealed in the block that brought from my lips an exclamation of glad surprise.

"I would never have imagined it!"

"That is what I mean by a rock-face," the artist of the heavy hammer said. "Now choose."

But there was no choice, now that I had seen what could be done so quickly.

"Go on," I said, "make them all like this!"

Broken, that it might have more of beauty!

The Stroke that Makes Beautiful

Life has been running on in a quiet way for, lo! these many years. Little of storm has come to bring the shadows. Far more of joy than of pain has been our lot. To us it seems like a goodly life; we would ask for nothing better. So calm, so peaceful, so full of what we deemed most sacred service!

Then all at once comes the sharp thrust of pain. The sunshine flees away. The tempest breaks around our souls in fury. We cry to God to pity and stay His

hand. How can we live! The very depths of our lives are stirred! What does it all mean? The only answer which comes to us is this:

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter!"

Hereafter! Ah, hereafter we see that this was the stroke of the hammer which gave the stone more of loveliness! Soon the work was done and the experience which seemed at the time so bitter, so hard to bear, had changed the rough and imperfect stone into a block full of symmetry and grace. Now, indeed, it was better fitted for its place in the temple we were building. Looking back upon it, we would not have it otherwise.

Strength to Endure

Not long ago it was my fortune to be in the home of a dear friend whose husband had been suddenly snatched from her embrace. Always a frail little body, we all wondered if she could bear up against this great sorrow. Would it not crush her to the earth? Far in the deep watches of that first awful night, when her loved one lay in the peace of death, I could hear this child of God, as I vainly tried to sleep, repeating sweet passages from the Word—songs of comfort and precious promises for the hour of trouble. Then would come

words of her own, low, calm, strong, and full of hope and trust in the Father who doeth all things well. She fail? Her faith was grounded on the Rock! In the morning I spoke of having caught something of the midnight talk with Jesus.

"Yes," came the quiet answer, "I would die if I did not have God's Book—and God!"

Safe in such hiding, the smiting could only bring more of beauty!

From the heart of the forest, one who is skilled in the use of tools takes the tree which has been riven by the lightning stroke and carves from it a panel of wondrous beauty for the palace of some king. Wonderful, we say; and so it is. Far more so when, by means of the experiences which come to those who trust Him, God works out this "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" for the temple of the King of kings!

Give me this beauty, oh, my Father! Riven by the thunderbolt of sin, I lie at Thy feet! Nothing of beauty is left in me! All is gone! Once my head was lifted up on high, "above mine enemies round about me!" My face was turned toward Thee! It seemed as if I might bear some fruit for Thee! Then came sin and struck me down! Now take me, Thou Mighty One, take me, and out of my poverty make me rich in Thee! Bring back the peace

which alone can satisfy! It may be Thou must strike me still harder blows; I know not! Let them come, if so I may be saved to Thee! The fire will not be too hot, if Thou dost temper it! I can still look up into Thy face and say, "Thy will be done!" if Thy hand still holds my own! For I do long for the pure, the holy life; and I know that Thou, and Thou alone, canst give it me!

The Posts of the House

More than a hundred and fifty years ago the little country of Holland was attacked by an enemy which for a time caused it more apprehension than any foe outside. The nation could defend itself fairly well against the encroachments of foreign invaders. Holland knew how to fight with swords and guns; but this was an enemy of another sort. It attacked the dykes which constituted the chief defense of the Netherlands against the sea. It came silently, silently it did its work; but when that work was done, the great piles which had been driven down as barriers against the ocean were crumbled and destroyed forever.

In alarm the wise men came together to study ways and means for waging war against this terrible foe. The government appointed a commission to investigate

causes and devise remedies. Other nations joined in the search, but from that day down to a comparatively recent time all inquiries seemed wholly useless. The teredo kept on sinking ships, tearing down barriers erected for national defense, and doing untold damage to the timber of the world. It is estimated by thoughtful men that not less than eight billion dollars' worth of timber is destroyed every year by this little worm-like enemy, no larger than a thread of cotton. Once the teredo attacks a piece of timber, its fate is sealed in a year or two, at the longest. Until very lately it has resisted every attempt to effectually combat it, baffling the inventive genius of all nations.

The Nation's Pillars

Look for the cause of the downfall of almost any of the nations which once flourished on the earth and you will find it in the heart of its men. Men became corrupt and the nation went down; for men are the pillar upon which the nation rests.

In the early days of our country, after the houses of logs gave way to better buildings, at every corner, and often in the spaces between, large square posts were set up and the beams of the house framed securely into them. Many of these old houses

may still be seen on the farms of this country. Braces, often of oak, gave added strength to the already sturdy building. And these houses held fast against every shock. Winds swept about them with hurricane force, and they did not tremble. Thousands of houses built at a later date without these posts have gone down in the storms which have surged about them. Their builders were in too much of a hurry. The times demand cheaper work. Security is giving way to the waste of competition.

Not far from my own home, a little while ago, a great building was laid low in a storm—not a board left in its place. The posts were not secure. Not a single brace in the whole building!

In our day there are those who think they see indications that the Nation we love so well is tottering to its fall. God grant that they may prove to be false prophets! But if that day ever does come, it will be because of the weakness and the sin of those who have been set to be the pillars of the land. Love of gold, selfishness, greed of power—these are the things that take the very heart-life out of men and leave them like the timber which has had its strength sapped by the teredo! Digging down through all the so-called causes, we shall come at last to the one thing which includes them all—sin. It is sin in the heart that works the ruin.

Strengthening the Posts

In the course of their studies of different methods of preserving timbers from the attacks of the teredo, men long ago found that if they wrapped them round about with broad sheets of metal, nailed with heavy spikes, these would for a time resist the insidious foe; but it was for only a little while: soon the metal would give way to the chemical action of the water and the timber would again be exposed to the assaults of the dreaded assailant.

But now a way has been found which seems to bid fair to be really effective. It is by applying to the timber as it stands in the water that mysterious agent, electricity. That kills the teredo the moment it touches it.

Was it so that the posts of the house they were building to the name of Jehovah might be safe from the encroachments of such enemies as the teredo that the men of Tyre overlaid the posts of the temple with purest gold? Or was it that they might be more beautiful? Surely, both these purposes were accomplished. How those timbers must have glinted in the soft sunshine of the Holy Land when the sunlight fell upon them! The cedar of Lebanon, folded round about with the gold of Parvaim! No wonder the temple stood through so many ages! Only when sin had

eaten out the heart of God's people, and they went away into captivity, did their glorious house of worship fall at the hands of those who hated God.

Even gold fails. The only thing which saves our costly timbers is the current of electricity shot through them. In the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ lies the safety of our Nation! We may wrap it about with the costliest treasures of gold and precious things: they will fail! Every device of the human heart will come to naught when measured with the awful demon of sin! Jesus alone can save! "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved!" But the name of Jesus can save!

Would we have the house we are building stand the storms of time and meet the ravages of every foe that may come against it? Let the Spirit have sway in the soul! The sting of sin is death. Everywhere we must meet it. In the home we have a flower so fair! How we love the child of our heart, the boy given us by God Himself! We bear him in our arms through the babyhood days. We croon to him our sweetest songs. In the twilight hour we hush him to sleep with our softest lullaby. On through the years we watch the progress of our dear one. We guard him as with our very life-blood. For him we would give life itself. We strive to

shelter him from every stain of sin. And yet, in the day we think not the awful work is done! Sin has touched the soul and the strong, pure life is withered and blasted!

But, thanks be to God, there is a remedy for sin! The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin! Let the brooks whisper it on their way to the sea! Let the flowers breathe it, looking up into the face of God! Rivers, mountains, and highest peaks of earth fling the glad word to the world's remotest bound!

JESUS SAVES

We have heard a joyful sound, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Spread the tidings all around, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Bear the news to ev'ry land, climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Earth shall keep her jubilee, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

Waft it on the rolling tide, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Tell to sinners far and wide, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Sing, ye islands of the sea, echo back ye ocean caves,
Earth shall keep her jubilee, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

Sing above the battle's strife, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
By His death and endless life, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Sing it softly thro' the gloom, when the heart for mercy craves;
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

Give the winds a mighty voice, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free, highest hills and deepest caves,
This our song of victory, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

The Fragrance of the Cedar

How fragrant is the wood of the cedar tree! Just to hold a piece of it in the hand is enough to bring memories of the far-off forest and to kindle in the soul a longing to be once more near to Nature's heart, while to plunge the face in a chest made of this sweet-smelling timber is one of the delights of life, never to be forgotten. Perfume more delicate than any man can distill! Fragrance richer than that wafted from Araby's plains!

With what emotions of joy must the people of Israel have approached the house of God when at last it stood complete! The sacred historian tells us that Solomon "built the walls of the house within of boards of cedar, both the floor and the walls of the ceiling." While still afar off, the delicious perfume from the cedars of Lebanon must have drifted out to meet the way-worn pilgrims pressing toward the courts of the Lord. Beautiful, too, must have been the appearance presented by those boards, carved as they were with "knops and open flowers," in the

highest art of the times. No wonder the poets of the nation spoke over and over again of the cedar as the emblem of prosperity, strength, and durability. Perhaps a similar sense of admiration, mingled with veneration, reveals itself in the sentiment expressed by the people of India when they speak of the Himalayan cedar as "the divine tree."

Can we not trace a resemblance between the rich and costly cedar of which the walls of God's temple were built and the character of the Christian? Do we not know men and women whose very presence brings a sense of peace and joy to our hearts? We love to be near them. Just to look into their faces is to gain something of strength and to inspire us with new ideals of purity. Many a time have we been in a room where joy was well-nigh approaching the border line of good propriety. Perhaps it all started in a remark in itself perfectly innocent, but somehow it proved to be the thin edge of the wedge which cleaved the way to something worse. Soon the worse passed on to the superlative degree. Restraint gave way, and the flood of jest and laughter and expression swept over the company.

Softly the door opened just then, and a woman with a face fresh from the secret room of God came over the threshold. An instant hush fell. Why? Heaven was in

the woman's face. Who could speak a rude word in her presence? Who could even think an evil thought as long as she was there? The Divine Artist had been working on that face. Not all at once had the change come. It takes two thousand years to bring the giant cedar to its maturity. Storm and sunshine, tempest and dewdrop, through the years, but now, at last, the full-grown cedar. So God's love in the heart, working day by day, love shown sometimes in the storm and sometimes in the tender touch of joy, sometimes in the smile and sometimes in the whirlwind of sorrow, works out in the face the glory which stills the wild laugh of sin and sets a seal on the lip of passion!

Here is a company of men who once wore the insignia of power and authority in the War of the Crimea. They are holding a meeting in memory of the old days. In a lull of the conversation, one of the number proposes that each shall write secretly on a piece of paper the name of the one person who is, in his opinion, entitled to the most of glory for work done in the campaign on the Peninsula. Why is it that, when the ballots have been gathered and the decision recorded, every soldier has written the name of Florence Nightingale? Why was it that the wounded soldier, borne from the field of Balaklava, who had felt the touch of this sweet-faced

woman on his hot brow, should afterward say, "We kissed the very shadow of Florence Nightingale as it fell across our beds, and lay our heads on the pillow again, satisfied?" Why, save that from her radiated a fragrance far exceeding the perfume of the cedars of Lebanon?

But do we say, that was a time of war; it did not mean so much to be great then?

The streets are wind-swept and cheerless. On the corner stands a lad, shivering in the cold. "Are you cold, my boy?" asks a lady, pausing long enough to take the little fellow by the hand. "Please, ma'am, I was before you took hold of my hand!"

I think the angels took note of that act, done out of kindness, just as surely as they ever did of the bravest deed ever done on the field of battle. Both lifted the shadow from a life that was feeling its way on through the dark, because both were inspired of God.

"Within"

It was within that the builders of old laid the panels of cedar for the strength and adornment of God's temple. It must be in the heart that we have the touch of the divine, if we would by our daily walk and conversation carry joy and sunshine out into the world about us.

There are twenty-five different woods

which are sold under the name of cedar. Some of these closely resemble the more costly wood. They take quite the same polish. Only the eye of the expert can detect the deception. But always there will be one point of distinction—the fragrance is missing from the imitation. The day will come when the fraud is discovered.

For a little while a man may pass for a child of God. He may wear the badge of the King's service. His lips may sing the songs of the Kingdom. We must not speak the word of judgment here. We may not know what is in the heart; God alone knows that: but we do know that there does come a time with men, sometimes, when the fire reveals the work—of what sort it is. How quickly the flames lick up the house that is built upon the stubble! Soon the false vanishes under the touch of the sharp chisel of God's truth. It is the true that stands. Nothing else will.

"From Father's Door"

"I never shall forget the sunsets I used to see from father's door! They were so beautiful! How many, many times I have stood in the doorway and looked away beyond the hills when the sun was just sinking in the west! The skies were fairly glorious with gray and pink and purple and gold! And the light fell so softly on the

woods beyond the nine-acre lot! Often the words of the Book came to me, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in!' It sometimes seemed to me I could almost see the gates of Paradise!"

From father's door! Only a humble farmer's home, away on the hills; but the beauty of the sunsets had left their radiance in the soul of the woman who spent her girlhood days there. Blessed are all who have the gallery of their hearts hung with scenes such as that! They make all life sweeter and grander. The wreck of time may sweep many things away; last of all to go will be the splendor of the sunsets from father's door!

Have you ever stopped to think what an important part doors bear in the construction of buildings everywhere? It sometimes seems as if more attention is paid to the door of a house than to almost any other part. The house itself may be very commonplace and unpretentious, but the door fronting on the street will be fairly extravagant. As you pass up and down life's highway, take time to study the doors you see. And the statelier the building, the more costly and magnificent the door. All possible of artistic skill is laid out upon it.

Linger a moment over the words with

which the author of the Book of Kings describes the doors of the house of God as built by David's son:

"So also he made for the door of the temple posts of olive tree; a fourth part of the wall.

"And the two doors were of fir tree; the two leaves of the one door were folding and the two leaves of the other door were folding.

"And he carved thereon cherubim and palm trees and open flowers and covered them with gold fitted upon the carved work."

Without doubt the writer of the Twenty-fourth Psalm had in mind "the entrance of the ark, with the attending procession," when he said:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in!"

Doorways of the Life

Are they beautiful, so that all who enter through them shall do it with bounding heart and joyous step, thinking of the happiness awaiting within in your presence? And when the way-weary traveler pauses on the threshold to look once more out into the world, will he catch a glimpse from your door of the greater glory of the Father's house? This ought to be

true of every child of God. The face should be so calm, so frank, and so open, the presence so pure and so holy, that they will bring peace to every tired, tempest-tossed man and woman who seeks a haven. Why not? It seems to me impossible that one in whose soul the Spirit really dwells should be cold and unforbearing and unlovely. Well may we doubt the heart-life of one who is constantly harsh, critical, and fault-finding. Shadows do come over the pathway of us all oftener than we wish, so that we feel that we must go away alone and sit in God's presence for a little while. Then for the moment our smiles may shine through the mist of tears; but God gives us the grace to smile! Then the moments with Him only make the heart more gentle when the trysting is over, and the love-light in the eyes more tender toward the world.

No one of us can live so far apart from our fellows that some time a lonely wayfarer will not find his way to our door.

Away up among the hills of my native State, I rode far one day, a few years ago, in search of a man with whom I had business. I had a bit of trouble to find the way to his home, for many seemed not even to know his name; and when, at last, I was on the right road, I found that it was little more than a byway. The

track grew more and more dim, finally losing itself in a grass-grown path. The house to which I came, after a long time of wandering, stood far back in the shadow of many tall trees, with hedges overgrown and unkept, adding their mite to the loneliness. And the man himself was like the house, cold, stern, and forbidding. He had grown sick of the world and crept away, thinking to be alone from all men; but this he could not do. As long as he lives in the world, the world will find its way to his door.

Once again I climbed the path up a steep and trying way with a dear friend, hoping that when we reached the summit we might gain a pleasant view of the city below. When well up the side of the mountain we came to a massive gate, with bars of steel, fast-closed against us, and lines of iron fence running on either side, cutting off all further progress.

Have you not come to lives like this? With joyful anticipation you have sought them, only to be confronted by a shut door, so you go away sore in spirit and disappointed.

Joy of the Open Heart

But oh, the joy of the open heart! What cheer it brings you!

A writer tells the following story of the organist of a little country church: "He

was playing a voluntary for the afternoon service. The day was hot, the air was sleepy, the congregation was small. There was nothing at hand to inspire anybody. At that moment the preacher opened the vestry door and passed into the little pulpit. He was a young man of intense earnestness. He came into the church from an atmosphere of prayer, and brought the atmosphere with him. There was a look as of other worlds on his grave, uplifted face as he passed into the pulpit. The look of the preacher thrilled the organist. The music under his fingers grew fuller; the little building seemed to be charged with a new atmosphere. And all this was wrought by the look on the preacher's face. The preacher himself was unconscious of it, but by his mere countenance he was touching with spiritual and enduring forces those who looked on him."

How you would like to look into the face of one who had the power to help you like that! The way has been long and lonely. You have grown sick of the clang and clangor of the world. "Give me your best!" ring out the notes of the sharp, incessant bells of everyday life. "Burn your heart out for a few moments of pleasure! Starve your soul for gold! Listen, listen to me!" How the call has deafened you! No time for anything good, not even a moment for God and the Word!

Your very soul is crying out for some calm heart to rest against for a little while.

You have pulled away from the thorn-bush of the world, leaving shreds of your garments on the pitiless thing and staining its leaves with your blood; so much does it cost to be free from the bondage of earth! And all breathless you come to the doorway of this friend of God and friend of your heart. Will the door be shut and barred against you? Ah! well you know how glad a welcome is in store for you! In his sacred presence you linger till the noise in your soul is hushed and you are ready to go back into the world, strong once more for life's battle! For you have looked beyond the battlements of time and caught a glimpse of the glory shining from the hills of God!

Then you long to make your own life a shelter for other tired and sin-sick pilgrims on life's road. How shall you do it? Build a beautiful doorway to the temple of your life! Take far looks from the doorstep of the Father's house! Drink in its sunsets! Weave golden threads of love and kindness into the cord with which you draw men to you! Drop the curtain shutting out pride and passion! Keep the door of your heart open to every dust-covered traveler who feels his way to your door through the darkness and the storm! Love everybody! Live close to some one, even

if it be but a little child! Best of all, give the Spirit right of way to your heart. He will bring you grace for your own strengthening and consolation for all who come across the desert of life to you!

"The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
O for the pearly gates of heaven,
O for the golden floor;
O for the Sun of righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

"The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul wash'd white,
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

"Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!"

—*C. F. Alexander.*

The Holy of Holies

The oil will grow low in the lamp that is lighted; the carbon will burn itself out in the fierce blaze of the electric current; the steel of the Damascus blade one day loses its edge with use; our birds of flight

fly so far with their messages of hope and love and good cheer that their wings are tired and droop wearily. Then we long for a resting-place.

Beyond the wall of cedar beams resting on stone which surrounded the temple of old, beyond the court of the priests, beyond the court of the Lord's house, beyond the holy place, in the dim light of the inner shrine, was the Holy of Holies. As directed of God, we are told that Solomon "for the entering of the oracle made doors of olive tree; the lintel and side posts were a fifth part of the wall. The two doors also were of olive tree; and he carved upon them carvings of cherubim and palm trees and open flowers, and overlaid them with gold, and spread gold upon the cherubims, and upon the palm trees." Besides the doors, the narrative continues, a beautiful curtain of blue, purple, and scarlet, worked on a background of purest white linen, also as directed by Jehovah, fell over the opening. Nor was this enough. Across the doorways heavy chains of gold swung, to bar the way to any who might venture near.

Here in the twilight the sacred ark, sheltered by the massive cherubim, had its place. None might enter here, save the high priest, and he but once a year, to perform the duties of his sacred office. Only through a thickly-screened lattice did the

light fall into the mystic enclosure. With what feelings of awe must the divinely-appointed representative of the people have stepped within this Holy of Holies! Truly, would he not wish to go with unshod feet and bowed head! For here, as nowhere else in all the temple, he would come face to face with Jehovah.

Unless it have its Holy of Holies, the temple of your life and mine is not complete. We need it so much! Well for us if, when sore pressed by the things of time and sense, we may hear the voice calling us to communion apart from the world, heart to heart with God! Did not our Elder Brother have need of such fellowship with the Father while here among men? We love to think of Him rising up a long time before the stars began to grow dim in the morning to climb the mountain heights in search of some place where He could lie for a little while on the bosom of the Father. How we would like to know more about those hours spent in prayer! We may not touch even the fringe of a secret so sacred as this; but I think the Father surely gave rest and peace to our Lord, so that He might go back into the world with its pain and its sin and its awful misunderstanding to meet it all bravely and well; for that is what He gives you and me when we enter with Him into the Holy of Holies.

I know we are sometimes not willing to obey the blessed summons when it comes. Have I not stood out against Him myself? "I can not come now!" I said; "I am too busy!" And He said, "But you are tired; the sands in the glass are well-nigh run out! Do you not even now see the bottom of the cup which is at your lips? Listen, I beseech you! Come unto Me and rest!" Still the world lures me. My toys charm me so! And I persist: "If time is short, so much the more reason why I should hurry on! There is so much to do! I have no time to lose!" "All time is Mine!" comes back the solemn warning. "What have you, My child? The gold and the silver and the cattle on the hills are Mine. You call them yours, but you know, when you stop to think, that it is not so! In a little while you will leave these hills, with their trees, their flowers, and their grassy banks! Soon for you the music of the brooks will have rippled its last sweet song in your ears! I know your frame, how frail it is! I need you for better and grander service, if you will only come and be fitted for it! I have something I would tell you here in the secret place! Come!"

Is the tone less gentle now? So it seemed to me a little while ago when His call came to me. I did not know how to wait for Him to speak to me as He would.

And His hand was suddenly upon me! For a time it seemed so heavy! It is so hard to be still when the heart is filled with the beauties of this life! Before I fully yielded, my feet were far down the Valley of the Shadow! Deep into the waters He led me! Life's lights began to grow dim, and a strange weakness came over me! I tightened my clasp on the hand of the dear one who had walked with me so far on the way, but somehow it seemed as if His touch were stronger and I must go and leave my loved one! How we do dread to let them go! But at last I was ready to listen! I believe God indeed did have something for me to do, for the cup passed from my lips! The tide of life surged back, and I said in my heart of hearts, "My times are indeed in Thy hands, O God! Take me and do with me as seemeth best to Thee!" So much had it taken to call me from my playthings to sit at His feet! He knew it was best for me, so He said, "You must!" and now I know it was best, too!

Compensations

We come back from our trysting with God with new and richer views of life.

Were you ever so wayward when a child that Mother said, "My little one will need to go away in the other room for a

while and think this over alone?" You knew all about that other room. It was dark in there—dark and so still! No soft cheek to touch when you put out your hand! No sweet voice to answer when you called through the shadows! At first your very soul rebelled against that still other room; and when at last mother let go your hand and the door was shut between you and her dear face, you broke into a storm of passion! But the tempest sobbed itself away and you were penitent! Out of the other room you came with face shining as bright as the fairest sunbeam! Your soul was at peace! The battle was fought and the victory was yours!

Between Mother's other room and God's there is this difference: In the one you are alone; in the other, He is with you! Never alone does He send His child away into the shadows! In the secret place you never put out your hand in vain; His hand meets yours! Your faintest whisper brings from Him an answer! Blessed gifts of the watch with Him! Like beautiful beads, you love now to count the treasures He gives you as you sit face to face with Him! Oil for the empty lamp; crystal-pure water for the fountain dried up by the hot sun; life and strength for the weakness you had known; a new vision in the place of the ideal which had

grown so dim! Precious gifts! Bountiful Giver! Who would not hear and heed His call to such an hour of trysting!

The Way In

On, then, through all that may lie between me and God, let me hasten! With trembling, eager hands let me draw aside the curtains of blue and purple and crimson! With joy let me loosen the chains of gold which bar my way! Wide would I swing the doors, for my soul fainteth to be in the presence of my Father! Holding fast His Book, let me by faith unclasp the casket which holds my treasure! Then let me on my bended knees lie with heart and soul wide open to take His message to me!

And let me be sure that after I have received what seems to me now to be the very best my Father has for me, He has something richer, sweeter, grander in store for me by-and-by. To-day I am like the newly-fledged birdling, fluttering over the edge of the nest. It seems to me a wonderful thing that I should be able to spread my half-bare wings and sail out and down to the ground. A little while and this will not satisfy me; I shall want to soar away into the very heart of the sun! He knows it, for did He not place the longing in my soul? And He will make me strong for

the higher flight! His best to-day will be better to-morrow; and this will be so for ever and ever!

Windows of the Soul

How beautiful are the windows of our great mercantile houses! It is a joy simply to walk along the street and look at the lovely things displayed there. Every business house, aware of the worth of this method of attracting the public attention, pays great attention to the arrangement of its goods in the windows fronting on the street. Men are employed whose sole occupation it is to arrange the choicest and most costly articles sold over the counters within so that they shall appeal to the eyes of those who pass by. Many of these houses give almost the entire front portion of the lower story, and perhaps a number higher up, to the exhibition of samples of the goods to be found inside.

Beautiful as are these store fronts, a candle placed in the window of a humble cottage far out in the country may have greater power to draw back to his home one who has wandered far. Across seas, over mountains and prairies, the shine of that one flickering candle reaches, and it reaches to save!

It was God's thought which placed a window in the ship which carried Noah

and his loved ones safely through storm and darkness to the mount of the Wilderness. He was careful even to name the size of the opening—"in a cubit shalt thou finish it above." And it was one of God's poor, timid little creatures, tired and longing for home, that first found its way to that casement.

"Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made:

"And he sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth.

"Also he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground:

"But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark . . . then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark."

Poor, tired dove! Stronger of wing, the raven could sustain itself longer in flight, so it never came back; but the dove, with the instinct given it by Him who created it, found its way once more to the drifting ark. Did Noah hear the tapping of its beak at the window, or the beating of its weary wing at the lattice, and reach out to take the little bird of the wildly-beating heart in out of the storm? God bless the windows, still open to the weary doves ever flying across the

floods of time! Why should we not make them the symbol of hope and good cheer for all who have been caught out in the night and the tempest? Very beautifully does Isaiah, in his vision of the hosts turning to the brightness of Christ's rising, speak of them as "doves flying to their windows." So important did it seem to Jehovah that there should be a window in the ark, that He gave very minute directions as to its building; nor did He forget to include in His instructions for the construction of the temple, details for all necessary windows. Ever since, wherever men have built a house of any kind, the window has been a prominent feature in the plan. No matter how humble or how great it may be, somewhere it has had a place for the light to shine in.

To shine in? Aye, and to shine out as well!

Were you ever far out on the prairie, away from home and loved ones, with night coming on? Many a mile have you ridden. The dust of the road is thick upon your garments. You are so tired! Still no sign of a place of refuge! Then suddenly, away across the plain, the light from some farmer's house catches your eye. How your heart leaps for joy! The light speaks to you of rest and shelter, food and a place to lay your head for the night, and you press on!

Doves to their Windows!

Oh, the homesick souls everywhere, looking for the light in the window! Oh, the hearts that have been kept true by the beams of light streaming out!

"Come on, won't you, and have a game with us?"

"Thank you, but I never learned!"

A laugh and a sneer, but the young man's face showed not a flush. He was too brave for that. A little later:

"Have a drink with us! Surely you won't refuse that!"

"You will not let it make any difference with your feeling toward me, I am sure, but you must excuse me! I never drink!"

The room grows more and more uproarious. The glass goes round. Jest and story and song make the night hideous. Still the young man sits unmoved. It seemed as if he did not hear anything of what was going on about him. The scratching of his pen was all the sound in the world to him. It was the best he could do—there was no place for him to sit and to write save in the midst of the revelry; but what does that matter to him? His soul is far away with the dear one to whom he is writing!

When at last the fire has burned itself out and the room is still, the man behind the bar slips out of his place and comes

over to sit opposite the silent writer. The young man sees him and looks up long enough to smile into the wistful face which is bent upon him. In spite of the years of evil which have been chiseling their lines on the features of the man, it is a kindly face.

"Are you too busy to answer me one question?" The face bends closer and the look is more wistful.

"Surely not. A hundred of them, if you will!"

"It's just this: Why do n't you go in with the rest of them? You never do?"

"Oh, I could n't, Joe! I do not want to do it!"

"I know; but why? I could see by your face that you are not that kind. But why is it?"

The light in the eyes of the young man grows moist, and he is not ashamed of it. Neither does the man opposite him love him the less for it.

"I'll tell you, Joe. Away back East there's a dear, good mother thinking of me! She tells me I am always in her heart, and I believe it. I've been writing to her to-night! Seemed to me, as I wrote, I could see her sweet face bending over me, and I could almost hear her voice! Joe, it would kill mother if I should join with the others in these things! She loves me so!"

The lovelight shining out of the soul's

window across the years and holding him true—true to mother, true to himself, true to God!

Sermons in Glass

Very simple things were the windows men made at first—simply an opening in the wall of the house, covered, when covered at all, with lattice-work, and later by a wooden slide. But dimly did light filter through the openings in the slats, and not at all when the board was drawn over the opening. But how beautiful and how costly are some of the windows of our day! Made only by days and days of the most careful and painstaking labor, and telling by the designs worked out upon them some story of love or heroism or goodness of heart. Before my eyes now rises one such window, the central figure of which is a cross and crown, done in the highest style of art. Think of the sermons such a window must preach to those who sit in the pews below from Sabbath to Sabbath and feast their eyes upon its beauties!

On the battle-ground of Fort Donelson, in the Southland, there stands a beautiful little church, erected since the war. Confederate and Federal soldier alike had contributed to its building, so that it was dedicated without debt. On the day of the dedication, sixty veterans, some of whom

had fought on the side of the North and some of whom had worn the gray, sat together in a body, every passion of war stilled in their hearts, only the great passion of the Cross burning in their souls! The preacher himself had borne the arms of the lost cause.

But one of the most striking things about that little church was a memorial window which had been placed there by the gifts of the reunited people. Two figures appeared on the glass: the one a soldier of the Union, wearing the blue suit of the North; the other was clad in the sober gray of the South. Face to face these two stood, each reaching out his hand in friendly greeting to the other. Above them the flags of the two armies mingled their folds, a beautiful wreath of laurel in the center. Over all was a cross circled by a crown! Underneath these words appeared:

"Fold up the banners, smelt the guns;
Love rules—her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns, in tears,
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!"

Think of the lessons of peace and good will that window has taught the people who have sat looking up at it! No more blue! No more gray! Only the pure white of the Christian faith! And that is only one window in a little church away in the

Southland! Everywhere there are other windows, some grand and costly and some only small and simple, but all telling some story that will lift the soul to better things!

Your Home Windows

Set a lamp in your window, mother! And do not hide its rays by any curtain, however thin! Let its full glory shine out upon the traveler's way! For who knows who that traveler may be? He may be the boy you have loved all these years. He went away so clean and true and pure of heart! He thought he was strong enough to stand four-square against the pitiless storms of the world; and you, knowing better than he what beautiful and costly crafts have gone down in the tempest of trial, let no word of doubt slip from your lips, the while your heart tugged hard and you pressed a kiss wet with hope on his cheek and sent him away to try it! And he did try it, and was tried by it—tried till the stout withe was bent before the blast, even unto breaking! But it did not break! All through the years your boy has been held by your love; and the light you set in the window to-night will be the first thing he sees as he climbs the hill and looks down on the home of his boyhood!

But if it be not your boy, it surely will

be somebody's! So send a good, broad ray of light down the way he will come! It may keep him from straying out into the thorn fields and losing his path! Surely, somebody will see that light if it be there, and miss it if the window be dark!

Costliest Windows

Thousands of dollars are spent many times upon a single window. But the costliest window of all is the window of the soul! Why does the mother set the lamp in the window of her humble home? To guide her boy back to the home fireside, you say, and that is true; and still our plummet has not touched the bottom. Mother-love in the heart shining out in that kindly act proves that she has built into the temple of her life a good, wide window. Day by day, with prayers and with tears, she has been adding here a line and there a touch to give it more of beauty. Every sweet song she sings, every bit of a tear that glistens in her eye because of love and sympathy, every kindly word she speaks, every loving letter she writes—these are all costly mosaics she is fitting into the window of her soul!

And she has close by her side at every step of the way a Helper, the Artist of the heavenly face! He sees the longing of the mother-heart to work out the thing which

shall last forever; and very gently He says:

"My child, I know all about it! Let Me help you! I have been this way, and I know its every step!"

Ah, yes! That is what makes the window of the soul so very precious. Its crimson is the red of the choicest blood that ever flowed! Its purple is the royal color of His robe, dyed on Calvary! Its blue is the sky smiling back again because He looked up into it! Its violet is the blossoming of the flower He has touched with His fingers! Back of all, through all, and in all, it is Jesus who makes the soul's window so beautiful!

And oh! the cost of it all! We never will know, we never can know, the price which was paid by the Christ, that He might take our poor lives, so marred and stained by sin, and make them beautiful! It costs us tears and prayers and patient watching; but it cost Jesus the Garden and Calvary! It costs us lowly bending at the foot of the cross. It cost Jesus the very cross itself! It costs us earnest pleading, low on our faces. It cost Jesus the sweat of scarlet! It costs us a moment of prayer here and there at life's little shrines. It cost Jesus long nights of agony such as men may never know, out yonder where the hills were chill and the loneliness enough to break the heart! It costs us a little bit of

self-denial, yielding what seems so very, very dear to us, but which after all is but a speck of dust in the balance when weighed against the homesickness He knew for the vacant place up by the side of the Father and all the joys of Paradise!

Costs! Ah! How little we know of them! Our best drifts away like the down of the thistle when compared with the price our Master paid, and is paying, that you and I may rear to God's glory a temple which shall outshine the stars!

And sometimes we are not willing to pay even the little we may for the glory He waits to give us. The trinkets—the pleasures of the passing moment, the quick-flitting joys this world holds out to us—do shine so alluringly! "I must have these!" we cry, running toward them like children reaching after the butterfly wings up in the sky! "Thou art so patient! Thou canst wait till we have gained these treasures and held them in our hands for a little while!" So for the gewgaws, the tinsel we can wear over our shoulders but for a night, we put away the jewels with the glory everlasting! How we do miss it! For the day surely comes when we will see the awful mistake we have made, and then it is so near to life's sundown! Time is left for only a glimpse of the life beautiful! But thanks be to His grace and tender patience, there is time for the glimpse!

"Look and Look!"

But who knows the beauty the Christ can work out in the life of him who is willing to let Him have sway in the soul! Sometimes we catch faint glimpses of it as we look into the face of some dear saint who has let the Savior do as He would with her. So pure! So calm! So filled with the glory of the light that never was on land or sea! All passion melted away in the furnace of testing! All fear lost in a patient yielding to the Master Will! All striving after self-gratification replaced by an earnest longing to wait and to serve as He served in the days of His flesh! All of earth shading away into the splendor of the Beyond! How our souls are touched by such a vision! Only one other vision surpasses it in beauty.

Surely you have read the story of the little maid of Scotland who came to ask that the gates of the Church be swung open to her. Poor, timid little lassie! She could not answer the hard questions the elders of the kirk asked her! So little did she know of the great doctrines of the Church! And some of the staid old men were in a little doubt whether they had better grant her request. But when one asked what made her think she was ready to take the great step, she smiled so sweetly and said:

"Weel, sir, it was like this: Ye ken the Book says, 'Look unto Me and be saved;' and I juist looked and looked and looked, till Jesus seemed sae bonnie to me! Sae bonnie!" And the look on her face spoke of the peace in her soul. The doubts vanished from the minds of the wise men of the Church. They knew the little one was safe in the Kingdom!

It is looking and looking and looking into the face of the Christ that makes the life resplendent. Nothing else will. We tire ourselves seeking other ways of beautifying and adorning the temple we are building. Seems as if this way or that might lead us through to glory, even if it be not just the way He has pointed out! "His way is so straight, so narrow!" we cry. But listen! It leads unto life! "May we not the rather journey in the broad way? So many we love seem to be going that way! There is more room with them! So much more of comfort!" Harken again! This is the way to destruction, and many are traveling toward that gate! Oh, by all we hold dear, let us hear and heed these solemn words! It is the face of Jesus which lights up the heavenly way! Come, let us follow Him!

Youth's Sunny Morn!

"I had a letter from my boy the other day." The voice was full of pride and something better. "You know he is away at college. He spoke of having just passed his twenty-first birthday. That brought me a bit of uneasiness! How we do dislike to feel that time is slipping away from us! But the rest of the letter more than made up for that. I have the letter here now. You may like to read it!" And this is what the boy said to his father: "I am not troubled about my future! Your life, father, has been so good and so true that I shall take it to be my pattern! I have no fears in facing the battles of life!" "I shall not be able to give my boy a great deal of money; that I would not care to do: but I would rather he would be able to say that than to thank me for giving him a million dollars." Can we not get some idea from this of the heart and home-life of that father and his boy? How well do I recall seeing them as they passed my home in the country. They were farmers owning a comfortable place. After the boy was old enough to manage the team, he sat on the seat with his father, holding the reins, while the older man kept close watch of all that passed. They were always snuggled up together, chatting away like two old chums who had not met for

many a day. Often at night they would sit up far into the wee small hours, talking over some great thing which had come up to interest them. Their lives were like the large and the small branches of a tree. No wonder that now, when life was widening out for the boy, he should feel that his father's life was worthy to be taken as his own pattern!

In the course of a public address on the value of a pure home-life, a man recently said: "You know our home is out on the farm. I have four boys and two girls. I have always thought it worth while to live in the same world with them. I am interested in whatever interests them. I make it a point to look at things as nearly as I can as they see it. That has had two good results. It has kept my own heart young and it has helped them to take right views of life. In our sitting-room there is an old table which has been in the family many years. How long, I do not know. We have that table right in the middle of the room, and round it every night we all gather, mother, the young folks and I; and there we have settled the difficult things that have come to us, and laughed and enjoyed whatever was worth laughing over. I have tried to make that little farmhouse and that one room the dearest spot to us all in all the world; and they *are* good boys and girls!"

Life's Round Table

Would that there might be such a table as that in every home! Would that all over the land, as the shadows fall, father and mother and the boys and girls might draw up into such a circle and think and speak of the great things of life! For those are the only things which count. The gaining of wealth is not worth wearing the soul and body out, as we sometimes do. A breath, and the money is gone. Great earthly honor is too poor a thing to call for the best there is in us. One turn of the wheel, and we go to the bottom; but the good life we place before those we love, lasts for all time!

Darkened Windows

As we pass along through the country, we now and then come to a house the windows of which have been covered with thick boards nailed up so that nothing of sunshine can ever get through them, and there is no lamp inside to shed its rays over the traveler's way. As I write such a home rises before my memory. That, too, was the home of a well-to-do farmer. The owner was very proud of it, and well he might be, for he had given it the very best effort possible. His own hands had hewed it from the woods. He had built the house. He had cleared the stumps and

made the farm a perfect gem among the hills.

But he had worked perhaps too hard and not taken time enough to rest and to think; and there came a day when a sad sight might be seen from those big home windows. There were only two in the wagon when they drove away, the father and his son, and neither of them seemed at all happy. Low on his seat in the back of the wagon the father sat, his hat pulled low down over his eyes and the collar of his great coat turned up to meet the rim of his hat. The son sat on the front seat. It was his turn to drive now, and he was driving. Where to? Shame upon that son, that we should be compelled to say it! The end of that journey was the awful, lonely, desolate poor-farm of the county! The old man was still himself. He knew and understood the tragedy which was being enacted. Was not he one of the chief actors? But he was weak in body and not very strong of mind any more. His hands no longer could swing the ax as in days gone by. Perhaps his judgment was not quite as good as it once was, for time had blurred the once keen mind. He was just a poor, little worn-out man! And that man on the front seat was his own son! He had tossed that man in his arms when he was a baby, their eyes meeting in glee, their voices mingling in delight!

He had watched over him through all the long watches of many a night when pain wracked the little frame. Together they had wandered about the old farm. It had been his hands which taught the boy to make the first basswood whistle and to throw the dam for his mill across the brook that ran down through the meadow. He had done his best to show the lad he loved the best ways of doing the farm work. How can it be, then, that the old home windows should look out on such a scene as they made that day on the way to the poor-farm?

The One Thing Lacking

"Now, these are the commandments, the statutes, and the judgments which the Lord your God commanded to teach you, that ye might do them in the land whither ye go to possess it.

"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

"And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart.

"And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way and when thou liest down and when thou risest up.

"And thou shalt bind them for a sign

upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

"And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates."

And here that father had missed it—missed it, and so missed of the one thing which alone makes life worth living! So the light went out on that hearth; for God's word is true, all true! The young man drove back without his father that day. He crept into the home nest. He thought he had done a thing that would make him supremely happy all the rest of his days! Wretched man! Of all things he could have done, that was the worst! He might have taken his father up tenderly in his arms when the strength began to slip away from the once sinewy arms and the light began to grow dim in the eyes once so keen, and said: "Now, father, it is my turn to be good and kind to you, and, God helping me, I will do it! You are not a care to me; I love you too well for that! We will go right on together as we have all the way. When you fall, I will help you up. I will be eyes for you. You shall have the best place by the fireside. I will make the way down this side of the hill just as bright and sunshiny as I can! For you are my father and I love you!"

That would have been honoring father! That would have gained for that son the promised reward. That would have kept

the fire on the home hearth burning brightly and the light shining out of the window. But he did not do it, and a blight fell over the life that promised so much. There came a day when he nailed up the windows and went away, God only knows where! The windows were darkened. But the darkest windows of all were the windows in that man's soul!

It strikes a chill to the heart to watch the decay of a home. Have you not watched it? Who knows how it happened that the place was left vacant? It does not matter now. But the very day the door swung to behind the men and the women who went out, destruction began to do its deadly work. It showed first in the paint on the outside of the house. It went on, crumbling the mortar in the walls and the bricks of the chimney. It ate the iron till the hinges dropped from their places and the doors fell in. It shook the plaster from the ceiling and stripped the pretty paper down everywhere. It rotted the wood of floor and casement. It broke in the glass of the windows and threw down the cellar wall. It never stopped until at last all that remained of that once happy home was a pile of rubbish and the rosebush mother planted by the side of the door!

But a thousand times worse is it to follow the downfall of a life. You have

watched that, too, and wished you had been spared the sight!

How Was It Done?

He came from a happy home yonder among the hills—perhaps from that very home we have just seen. Then the light was clear in his eyes. His heart was bounding with hope. Success sang a sweet song to him. He had such a good look on his face that he had no trouble in finding something to do. He was prosperous. Everything went well with him. He had time to read the story of the Cross, and did not forget to write back home to mother. It seemed as if he were laying the walls of his life-temple well. If he had only kept true to his ideal!

How was it that he should have changed his life-plan? God only knows! But he left the temple he had commenced to build and went away to build on something that would not stand. He moved out of the old home, and ruin took up its dreadful work. First the red came into the eyes once so clear. It showed in the flush on the face. It put a tremor into the hand once steady. He did not see it, for was he not doing well? He was in business for himself. Everything he touched turned to gold. He rode in a rubber-tired carriage. That was exchanged for an automobile. The poor machine went, to let in a more

costly one. The world looked on and said, "How well he seems to be doing!" And yet the beautiful house was being torn to pieces day by day!

Oh, draw the curtain! Shut out the awful picture! Who can look unmoved on the pulling down of a life! Lost in the whirlpool of sin! Well if there be in the last days even the rose once set in the heart by the tender touch of a mother's hand!

Shining Across Eternity

Down among the hills of Kentucky, a few years ago, the early light of morning bathed in glory the figure of a young man. Forty miles from any railway station, out in the middle of a twelve-acre field, this daring soul was standing all alone. His head was bare, and upon its features rested a serious look which proved that his heart was stirred with a great purpose. For a moment he stood there, lost in prayer. Had there been a thousand at his side, no word of that prayer would have come to their ears, for his was a silent appeal to God for His blessing upon the enterprise he was that day to undertake.

There, in that out-of-the-way place, young Burns was laying the corner-stone of what was afterward known as the Oneida Institute. With a love burning warm in his heart for the men and women

of that feud-cursed country, Burns had gone into the wilds of Kentucky to build up a school which would, as he fondly hoped, educate the people away from hatred and strife to a life of good-will and helpfulness. Without a single penny in sight, but strong in the faith bequeathed to him by his sainted mother, Burns took up his mighty task. Out of two rusty iron crowbars he fashioned with his own hands the tools with which he broke from the nearby quarry the stones for the foundation of the building. Day by day he toiled on alone, with no hand to help, no voice to cheer. A borrowed team of oxen drew the dressed stone to the site; and then, in the gray light of that morning, he laid the corner-stone and dedicated the building which was to be to God and his fellowmen!

Thirteen years have gone by, and to-day Oneida Institute owns one thousand three hundred and fifty acres of land and a building in which six hundred students are taught by fifteen teachers, besides an adjunct school with one hundred pupils. Down from the mountains of the country round about these students have come, and within the walls of this consecrated building have been taught what true manhood and womanhood means. What a monument to the faith and the hope of the man who conceived a thing so

great! But the most beautiful monument to the honor of young Burns is the new manhood which has taken possession of the people of that part of the country. The old spirit of feudism has been absolutely wiped out, and in its place has come the Christian spirit of brotherhood. From that school men and women have gone out to the uttermost parts of the earth, messengers of the new evangel. The shadows which once hung over those homes, where the voice of hatred sounded loudest of all, have lifted under the rays of the sunlight of love. Now those homes are radiant with God's glory. Hymns of joy and praise to Him who has wrought this transformation now rise where once hate and cursing reigned.

How far the lights from that institution are streaming! No one ever will know what pathways have been made bright by it! And its beams are only the reflection of the light set in the soul of the man who had this beautiful dream! Oh, the windows of the soul! God help us to keep them bright and clear!

Bringing Back the Light

On a lonely country road along which I sometimes pass, I used to see a house from which those who once made it their home have moved away. Why they went,

or when, I have no means of knowing; but there the house stood, desolate, its foundation stones falling from their place, the chimneys tumbling down, and the paint washing away with every storm. But the thing which brought most of sorrow to me was the window in the front of the building. Once it must have been very beautiful. Of great size and set round with mosaics of different colored glass, and looking out over a fine stretch of landscape, I used to think I would have enjoyed sitting there and feasting my eyes on the bit of beauty spread out before me. But now, what a wreck was that once-lovely window! How did it come about? It may be that one day some reckless passer-by, out of sheer malice, lifted a stone and hurled it straight through the crystal-clear glass! With a crash it went into a thousand pieces, scattering far and near. Some of the fragments fell away in upon the hearth-stone which the firelight once touched so brightly. Some dropped back outside the casement. Other pieces, held fast by the putty, still clung to the battered sash. But the window was ruined.

Thick and fast disaster came after that. Every boy and every careless youth who passed that way felt that he was at liberty to fling a stone at the bright-tinted bordering of colored glass, till at last scarce one

piece was left unbroken! And there the house stood, empty, still, lonely; but the most sorrowful thing of all seemed to be the shattered window!

Just now down the street passed a man. You saw him, and did you cross the street to avoid him? Men have done that when they have seen afar off some battered hulk of humanity coming toward them; but if you loved him enough to go straight toward him and take him by the hand, you could not help but see what ruin had been wrought in his life. Who was it that threw the first stone which brought so much of destruction to that soul's window? God pity him, whoever he was! Be his motive what it may, one day he will have to stand up before God and tell why he dared to do a thing so base! Was it to make the man he ruined believe he was a "good fellow?" Or was his purpose to win him out of the straight road of right and make him as bad as he himself was? Let that rest with Him who knows and is better able to judge all such things than we are.

How fast the beautiful window was destroyed after that! Oh, the hands everywhere lifted to fling their stone at the man who has once entered the dark way of sin! So here he is, and you wish God might pity him and help him back to the old life of purity and usefulness!

Now the feet shuffle along clumsily. Now the hand shakes as with the palsy as he touches yours. Now the smile with which he gazes up into your face is blear and ghastly! Oh, the pity of it all!

I passed that empty farmhouse again not long ago. A new man had come to make it his home. My heart leaped with joy as I saw what a change had been made since last I went that way. Many things had been done to bring back the beauty of that house—the walls had been laid up again, the boards had been painted afresh, the chimney was as good as new; but best of all, the lovely window was itself again! The great central pane of glass was in its place, while all set around it were the bright mosaics of red and green and yellow, flashing back the light just as of old! Oh, the joy of it all!

And, blessed be the name of the Father, the man with the broken life may be restored! Think of it! And yours may be the hand, under God, of bringing back this beauty! Do n't pass him by, as if he were a leper! Take him by the hand! Speak the kindly word! Get close to him! Hold him up till he is away out of the reach of danger and tell him, when reason comes back to its own, of the Christ who gave Himself for every poor, lost man in all this world! Love him back to his old self! God will help you to do it. How

quickly He wipes the sin-stains from the cheek! His touch is so tender! As if He would give beauty for ashes as quickly as possible, in a few weeks the red fades from the eye, the hand grows strong and firm, the step steady and true, the whole face lights up with hope and faith and gladness! It is the birthday of a soul!

The Meadow Flower

You found it down by the side of the brook. Something had happened to it. Perhaps some creature of the fields passing that way had struck it and left it bruised and marred. Its stem was far-bent toward the earth. The beautiful blossoms were crushed and broken, but its fragrance still remained. Does it not seem as if the terrible blow which had been dealt it had been the means of bringing out all the perfume once hidden in its leaves and its petals?

And you stoop and take the flower up from its lowly place in the deep grass. You drive down a strong stake nearby. You tie the stalk up carefully and bring water from the sparkling stream to refresh the wounded life. In the morning, when you come again, a miracle has been performed. Again the stem of the flower stands tall, straight, and strong. The blossoms which yesterday were crushed

and mangled are now fresh and beautiful. The sunshine has kissed them back to life. The dew and the water from the brook have given new strength. The God of the flowers has brought back your flower!

Crushed flowers! You see them everywhere; for sin never sleeps! Right and left it is pushing and trampling down and ruining the choicest blossoms of our hearts! But not without remedy! God can make the wrong right! Only do your part and He never will fail to do His! Lift the marred soul! Anchor it to the strong arm of Jesus! Water it from the fountain of life! Pity it! Love it with all your heart! Keep the fire of prayer warm on the forge of your soul! God will see, and He will work the miracle you long to behold!

The Temple's Working Room

From an incoming train, not long ago, the baggage-master took a wheel-chair in which sat a helpless man. Not a muscle did he move while the trainmen were lifting him out to the heavy truck and then on down to the station platform. His face wore a sad, worried, drawn look, just the look that pain and suffering is apt to leave on the features. His hands fell limp in his lap. The men gathered round the old man and bore him gently away from the train; and when a little later the fast ex-

press on another road came in, they lifted the helpless sufferer once more and placed him, still in his chair, in the baggage-car. It was all done very tenderly, as if the men knew all about it and sympathized with the one upon whom the hand of disease had settled so heavily.

But on the last train the paralytic found one who seemed more gentle and considerate than any of the rest. The baggage-man tucked the blanket carefully round the old man, talking to him cheerily and doing all in his power to make the trip a bit less lonely; and it seemed as if the wan features did light up a little under the touch of this loving ministration. The old, worried look half faded. Noticing what his companion was doing, another of the trainmen by and by said:

"Billy, what makes you take so much pains with that old chap? He is n't anything to you, is he?"

"Why yes," smiled back the other. "Did n't you know it? He's my brother."

"Your brother, Billy? I never knew you had a brother."

"I did n't use to have, Jim! Now I have lots of 'em!"

Then with a more serious tone he went on:

"I'll tell you, old man. Once I would have laughed at a man like this. But one day something new came into my life. I

came to understand that He's our Brother, and, because He is so, it makes us all brothers. If He was here, I'm sure He would do His best to look out for this old chap, because that was the way He did when He was here. And because He is n't here, and could n't be, He left such jobs to the rest of us. He would want him to have the best time he could, and that's what I have tried to give him!"

As He would have done! If Jesus had been here that day, I think He would have laid His hand on that poor, racked frame and made it all well again. He loved to do such things. The sight of pain made His heart sore. But seeing that He was away, doing a greater and a grander work for the world, trusting His brethren down here to do the work He might have done the very best they could, this man of the baggage-car was right in everything he did. It was all in the Master's name, and brought a double blessing—a blessing to him who gave and a blessing to him who received.

Where are Our Working Rooms?

That baggage-car was the working-room of one man. Where is mine? His was narrow and cramped, but it was just the place Jesus would have chosen to do a similar kindness, I am sure, had His circumstances been the same. He never

waited for a beautiful place before He did a beautiful deed. It was the beautiful deed which made the place beautiful. It was in a lowly fisher's cot that He laid His hand lovingly on the burning head of the wife of Simon and cured her of the fever. Very humble was that home where He was preaching the day when the four let down through the roof that helpless man to be made whole. Out under the skies with one lone-hearted woman He taught the grandest of truths. In a most simple room He knelt with the towel about His waist and gave the world the sweetest lesson it ever had of true Christian service.

Sometimes you and I fret because we are not given a more beautiful place in which to perform our work. "If we only had such a place," we sigh, "we would do such wonderful things!" Then we would weave the costliest robe the world ever saw for the shoulders of the Master! Then we would paint the loveliest picture of His face that mortal eyes ever rested upon! Then our hands would carve a statue of the Christ which should be more glorious than any which ever graced a hall of fame! Then we would sing earth's sweetest song or write its grandest poem! Because no place such as that is given us we stand waiting, and night is coming on fast!

Some day we will know that our picture will be painted, our statue carved,

our song sung just where we are, for the working-rooms of our life-temples are within our hearts!

The Heroine of the Loom-beam

Think of one woman's field of battle! She had been a teacher, but she laid down that work to become the wife of a farmer. She made that humble place one the Christ would have loved in His earth-life. But a shadow fell across the threshold—the awful shadow of war—and that shadow did not lift until there was a vacant place forever by the fireside and an aching sore in the heart of the one who was left alone. For a time some thought the home must be broken up. That was what she was advised to do, let the boys and girls go and fight life's battles alone. Listen to this woman of the brave heart!

"As long as I can keep my children together, I will do it!"

From its place in some dusty attic she brought down an old loom and set it up in the kitchen. In the days of her girlhood she had laughed when her mother taught her how to use the simple thing. Now she thanked the kindness which had so armed her for the battle before her. And was that the last of this heroine of the loom-beam? Was her life thenceforth to be lost, save as it appeared in the cloth

she wove for the neighbors round about? Do you think God would let it be so with one whose heart was stayed on Him? He is kinder far than that.

Over the River the spirit of that mother has for many years been dwelling in the sunlight of God's love; but her place on earth is not vacant! She still lives in the person of her children. Three sons and three daughters, all honored and respected, tell the story of her work at the loom-beam. She was their best teacher. She taught her boys and girls lessons from the book lying on the beam at her side which helped them to win all that was best in the world; but those lessons were only carefully-chiseled stones upon which the real structure of their life-work was laid. The education of the heart she imparted was best of all, for it was drawn from the Book she loved so well! The sweetest cup of water she gave her little ones was that filled at the fountain of life from which she herself drank such deep drafts!

O Mother! That was a lowly place, but thou didst magnify and make it beautiful with thy love! Thou art now an angel, but thou art still mother to those who are yet building the temple of which thou didst place the corner-stones! Thou art in their daily tasks! In the dreams of their lives thou art the central figure through which they see the Christ! When

their vision of the Savior grows dim in the dust of the world they look back to that poor, little, old loom-beam and see thee toiling so bravely and so cheerfully; and seeing thee, the beautiful Face grows more clear! When their faith wavers, they think of thy faith and are restored! Thy voice, sounding across the years, saying, "He is my refuge and my fortress; my God: in Him will I trust!" heartens them, and all is well!

The Hour that is Still

This was the working-room of my mother's soul. I never shall know this side eternity all it wrought out for me! The slipping of her shuttle back and forth through the web of the cloth she wove was all I saw then. The rattle of the lathe pressing back the threads of the web and the woof sounded dull and commonplace to me; but now I know that something far more beautiful than anything I then dreamed of was being woven into the garment of my life in those days when I stood by her side. The finest work she wrought was by the touch of her soul upon the souls of those she loved. God only saw that; but He did see it, and He will never forget!

Best of all do I love to think of the resting-room of my mother's life-temple.

When the week grew old and the Sabbath Day drew on, she would gather us at eventide in the still home far out in the country and tell us stories from the Book or sing the sweet songs of the Kingdom. The soft chirp of the tired birds outside, as they fluttered up to their nests in the trees or whispered to their little ones down in the grass, mingled dreamily with the rustling of the leaves swaying in the wind. A holy hush seemed to lie over the world. How near God was in that twilight hour!

As long as the light from the sinking sun fell through the west window, the stories and the songs would go on. Then, with her hands folded across her lap, she would look away beyond the hills, farther than any star shone, beyond the deep-blue of the sky, as if up to the "many mansions." By and by softly would rise the notes of that dear old hymn, "Thus far the Lord hath led me on!"

In those still moments it seemed as if we all came very near to the heart of God, borne on the wings of mother's faith. How much of peace and rest came to her as she sat there we never may know. But often since then, when life's way has lain through thorns and over stones, I have turned back the pages of memory and received fresh glimpses of the glory which then flooded mother's soul, and the vision has sent me on my way with fresh vigor toward

the sunlit land which is now almost within my sight!

"My heart is resting, O my God—
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now, the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill—
The waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

"I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise—
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet!

"I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
The Hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.
My heart is resting on His truth
Who hath made all things mine,
Who draws my captive will to Him
And makes it one with Thine!"

—*A. L. Waring.*

Need of the Quiet Hour

In a very thoughtful article recently published, Dr. Max G. Schlapp, one of the leading neurologists of this country, tells us that this Nation is menaced by a great danger, the danger that men and women will break down under the strain of our

modern industrial life. Premonitions of this giving way are already seen, he points out, in the greatly diminished birth-rate of the country, in the awful increase in the number of those who are defective and out of balance mentally, physically, and morally. Commenting on this article, the editor of the magazine in which it was published expresses the opinion that we need to flee to the quiet of the country to find relief from the nerve-racking life which is so fast destroying our people.

But those who are in close touch with the country know that those living most near to the heart of nature are being invaded by the same enemy which is laying waste the manhood and womanhood of the cities. The men and women of the farms are breaking down, too. The pressure of life there is just so severe. The strain there is no less terrible. But were this not true, grant that the woods and the fields do afford some measure of relief as suggested, it still remains a fact that men can not all live in the country. Never again will the race find its home out under the stars. That time has gone forever by. We must seek a remedy somewhere else. What can that remedy be? What but the great, tender, and loving heart of Jesus? He is what we need, for only He can give us rest of soul, without which we must all go down in wreck and ruin! We may cry,

Lo! here or Lo! there, but Jesus Christ, and He alone, can show us the way back to health of body, mind, and soul!

Jesus Longs to Give Peace

Rest from every ache of heart, hand, or spirit comes through the Christ, and He is ready and waiting to provide us with it. Nay, He pleads with His children to leave the empty pods of life and hasten back to the Father's house, where the ring and the robe and the joy everlasting await us. But we will not listen!

"But," do you say, "we can not listen! If we do, we can not hear His voice! The world will not let us rest! The tumult of life drowns the sweet tones of His voice! We can not see His face for the throng which presses us ever farther and farther from His side! We would like to come near enough to touch the hem of His robe, but we are swept away by the tide of evil! Our hands reach out toward Him, but they clutch only the empty air!"

A few years ago I paid a visit to a great factory where from morning to night men worked with heavy hammers and ponderous machinery, which turned the whole neighborhood into a babel of confusion. How the clanging of steel on steel deafened me! My head rang with the din! In vain I tried to catch the words

spoken to me by my guide; they were only a blur of sound! I wondered how anything could be done there in an effective way. And yet the men in that shop were going about their work as calmly as if they had been miles away from that scene of turmoil! I saw them speak to each other, apparently in the most ordinary tone of voice. How could they do it!

It was simply because they had learned to listen in the midst of confusion. Their ears were attuned to the crash of the hammers and the thunder of heavy machinery. They did not hear the clang and the clatter as I did. They were living in a peace of which I knew nothing.

Have you not known Christians who have come into such fellowship with God that they are not disturbed by anything that comes to them? God gives such peace to the souls of those who seek it. Through Him we may come into such harmony with the source of power that the rush and the tumult of the world no longer worry us or push us to distraction. Then doubts vanish. Then we tread our way in joy, straight toward Him!

A Vision of Jesus

But how shall we come into such blessed peace? How can we shut out the world so that we may hear what He would say to

us? The sounds of this earth deafen us so! Its sights are so attractive!

Often when the things of time distract and the heart is tired, just to go and stand before the picture of one we loved in the long ago—perhaps that of a mother now in glory—will still the fevered pulses and send us out to a calmer, sweeter life.

"I have your pictures on the table before me. Every time I look up, I see them. I love to look at them! They help me, because I know you are thinking of me and wishing me good things!"

It is just a scrap from the letter of a young student far from home, written to his father and mother; and yet are we not all far from the Father's house, and do we not all long for home and His blessed face? How homesick the heart does become at times! The tears are hot on our cheeks at night, and we toss about till the morning light streams in at the window. Then if we could only rest our tired souls by feasting them upon the Face Beautiful! Well for us if we have hung in the temple we are building many pictures of the Lord we love!

Think what it would mean on the days when we feel the thrill of power and pride and passion coursing madly through our veins, so that we forget everything in the strife for fame and dominion over men—to conquer the world and all in it—think

what it would mean, then, suddenly to be brought face to face with the Christ and hear Him say:

"If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered; and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned! . . . Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit: so shall ye be My disciples!"

How it would still the passion in our hearts! It would be almost as if we heard again, ringing down through the ages, that other solemn word of warning:

"A thousand years in Thy sight are as but yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

"Thou carriest them away as with a flood. They are as a sleep. In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

"In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.

"For we are consumed by Thine anger, and by Thy wrath are we troubled."

Then would the dream of earthly pride take its flight! The fire of human power would burn to cinders and the cinders would turn to ashes on the hearth! We would see of how little consequence are the things of earth, unless they lead to fruit for the Master!

Or when we are lonely, thinking all is lost and we have been bereft of hope and

heaven and Jesus, just to go in and sit down before the face of the Man of Nazareth as the two saw it that day when they walked with the Stranger along the dusty way to Emmaus, and listen to the cheering words He spoke—what joy and reassurance! How our hearts would burn again within us! No longer would the sky be dimmed by cloud! The way would be dreary no more! The discordant sounds of earth would grow still, and heaven would be once more in our hearts!

Then, too, on the days when the sense of inbred sin comes crowding in upon us, tearing from our souls all save the surety of perdition, what if there should flash upon us the Face Beautiful as it appeared when the crown of thorns pierced His brow, when He was mocked and beaten and spit upon and weighed down with the sin of the world—suppose we should see Him then and hear Him say, with a smile radiant with heaven's glory in spite of the crimson drops trickling from the cruel thorn-points: "It is for you, My child! Be not afraid! Take heart! I have done all, all for thee! Only give Me thy heart's best! All shall be well!" The doubt would roll away at the foot of the Cross, and we would bear home with us a song!

And I think a picture which would bring us much of peace would be that of the Face Beautiful as it looked into the

eyes of those who came to Him with most of soul-need. How much of beauty must have shone out when He beheld the woman who crept through the crowd to touch with her fingers the hem of His robe that day! Oh, the joy to have heard Him say, "Daughter, be of good comfort! Thy faith hath made thee whole!" Can we fancy the expression which rested on His face as He noted the anxious look of the young man who "had great possessions," and, beholding, "loved him," even though He must say to him, "One thing thou lackest!" and had to bear the sorrow of seeing the one toward whom His warm heart went out turn away, and know that it was forever! What pity must have revealed itself on the face of the Christ at that moment! Pity heightened with love divine! How can it be that such love should not avail to reach the human heart! So stony, so proud, so unyielding! Think of the pity, too—pity now glorified by richest love—when Jesus mingled His tears with those of the sisters of Lazarus! And then to think that for every one of us—for you and for me—the same pity, the same love, "flow mingled down."

Oh, friend of my heart, let us beautify every room of our temple of the soul with these precious pictures of the Face Beautiful! But let us keep for the Inner Chamber the one which shall bring us face

to face with Him as He must have looked that night in the Upper Room with those He loved best, when for the last time He took the cup and broke the bread, establishing the blessed memorial which is to outlast the stars, and spoke those sweet words:

"Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me.

"In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you!"

That will be the most restful place of all in our house of the soul, built unto God.

How gracious He is to give us these resting places by the way! Very mercifully does He shield and protect His own when they are sore pressed. He will not let the testing be too hard nor too long. Why does He touch the wing of the bird with green and with gray? Why, save that He knows that the day will come when the hitherto unseen foe will swiftly shoot through the air and strike down its victim if some way be not provided for escape? The tinting of the birdling's wing so nearly like that of the leaves or the grass in which it takes refuge is God's way of saving the life of the little feathered thing He loves. Why is the homely frog able to cover itself with that strange, slippery exudation which in times of crisis appears upon its body? Why, but to protect it from danger? It is God—the Mighty One, the

God who holds the worlds in their places and speeds them on their way with never-varying accuracy, reaching down to save this poor, little humble creature He has made and given a place in His universe!

Such care for the humblest, and will He forget you and me? Ah, no! So He bids us build, under His guiding eye, a place of resting into the mansion of our souls. And the doorway should stand ever ajar! If at any time we find it shut fast and locked, it is surely because we have willed it! And to open the door and to gain access to this room of resting, we have only to take the key He has furnished and use it as He has bidden and step over the threshold to peace and joy with Him! The key to this door? Oh, the mystic, the potent thing—Prayer! With how much of beauty has Bishop Trench spoken of its power!

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence can prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
What parched grounds revive, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear!
We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak and heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee!"

Here is our refuge when the storms are high! Here the sounds of the world grow dim! Here the shine of the false no longer dazzles us! Here the doubts shrivel and disappear and we see Jesus, and seeing Him, we are made whole!

Treasures of the Heart

Coasting in the Tunisian Sea four years ago, the keel of the boat of a band of sponge fishers suddenly crashed into something as immovable as a rock. At first these objects were mistaken for heavy cannon, buried in the mud. Perhaps they had been lost ages ago when some vessel of war went down. Curious to know more about their strange discovery, the fishermen dropped anchor and spent some time sounding the depths of the sea. Wonderful to behold were the treasures which their grappling hooks brought up! Not war guns, but beautiful art-treasures which must have lain there at the bottom of the bay at least two thousand years. Ever since that time the Bureau of Archæology of Tunis has been working to save as many of these treasures of a bygone day as possible. The task has proved to be far greater than was at first anticipated, but the result has amply repaid the government for all the time and expense. From the slime and the ooze of the sea the

divers have brought up numberless pieces of bronze statuary, fragments of furniture done in the highest style of Grecian art, marble pieces, including bases and capitals of pillars, blocks of exquisitely carved stone, vases, terra cotta pieces, and amphoræ, many of which have been singularly well preserved.

As the divers, after the most arduous labor, and often at the risk of life itself, lifted these treasures from the deep, for a time it seemed as if it had been strength spent in vain. No one could tell what the particular object was that had been recovered; but when the thick layers of mud and shells which encrusted them had been scraped off, the sculpture appeared in all its original beauty.

Wonderful treasure given back from the wreck of some ship which had gone down in the wind and the storm twenty centuries ago! How they will be prized by lovers of the beautiful the world over!

In one of our popular magazines, Mrs. Mitchell tells of a visit she once paid to the home of a man who had for years given himself to the development of a great mine in the mountains of the West. Fortune had favored him; he was now worth his millions. With evident delight he showed his visitor through the rooms of his beautiful mansion, dwelling with particular pleasure upon the many pieces of

furniture he had gathered at great cost from lands far and near.

At last he led the way to his private study; and now a marked change came over his manner. No longer was he the man of millions. For the moment he seemed to forget the mines of which he was master. It was nothing to him, now, that his wealth had made his name known far and wide. He was only a pilgrim on life's way resting for a little while by a singing brook.

"I want to show you something," he said, a peculiar glow of joy lighting up his face, at the same time opening the door of a safe at one side of the room. Then he took out a little box, heavily bound with steel. Surely, the visitor thought, this must contain precious jewels. Such care would not otherwise be given to this casket. But when the lid was lifted, not sparkling gems from faraway mines, not glittering jewels, costly and rare, met the lady's gaze, but a little, old gray shawl, fringed with black! As if the thing were prized beyond all he had shown his visitor, he carefully unfolded the shawl.

"My mother's shawl!" he said, softly. "She wore this about her shoulders; and when she died and the things were divided among us, I asked for this for my share! It never has left me. When I had nothing in which to carry it, during the hard days

out there, I wore it folded across my chest, under my shirt! It has kept me straight! It is going to lead me into heaven! I do not know how nor when, but I can bank on it as a certainty. It is so full of home-memories that I never have been able to get away from them! It is mother's whole personality concentrated! She always made the best of me, even in my wrong-doing! She has kept on making the best of me ever since!"

Things Worth While

Room for the treasures! Ah, yes, there surely must be in the life-temple we are building some place for the things we hold most dear, for we are all gathering out of our every-day life and experience something that will last forever. The place assigned to these treasures may be spacious and beautiful, or it may be narrow and cramped and dingy, according to the plan after which we are building. The things we store away may be few and of little worth, or they may be many and full of beauty. It all depends upon what our hearts prize most highly. The better the thought, the richer the treasure. Is it a little faded and thread-bare shawl, with its memories of the dear one who used to wear it, ever tugging heavenward, or is it some cheap and tawdry thing that will

fade with the going down of life's sun? Is it a letter, now crisp and yellow with age, written by the hand which once tenderly cooled your forehead when you were tossing on your bed with the fever? Is it a cradle with rockers worn flat in the years when mother's hand gently stirred it back and forth, the while she crooned her lullaby to the boy she loved? Be it what it may, if love laid it away in the chamber of your life-temple, it is more precious than all the gold of the Orient, for it never will cease to call you up to the paradise of God! All the wealth he had taken from the hills could not do for that man what the little gray shawl was doing moment by moment.

Stay for this other thought, friend of the sunset days!

You and I are hurrying down life's western slope. The temple is almost done. What are we storing away in its treasure-room for our dear ones? Are we giving out to those we meet from day to day along the way something which they will like to lay aside carefully in their own temple-chamber—something that will help to bring them safe home by and by? Something they will surely take from our hands! The thought is startling, but we know it is true. We can not touch the life of another and not leave it a little different from what it was.

The meadow flower we stoop to pluck

leaves with us some memory. Press a sprig of mint between your fingers and the perfume comes up to cheer and refresh us for hours. The fragrance of mignonette lingers, who knows how long! The rose-leaves we hold in our hand in the morning impart a perfume which does not pass away with the setting of the sun; we go to our rest to dream of it still. So a hundred flower plants send out their fragrance, some rare and delicate, some coarse and repulsive; some so sweet we can never forget them, some awakening only feelings of loathing.

It is not otherwise with the little deeds of our lives, friend of my heart. They stay in the soul of somebody, becoming a part of his life-building. Do they help and bless and cheer, or do they mar and sting and hurt? When they have been stored away in the treasure-room of the soul, will they lead to hope, to heaven, and to God? Or will they bring a chill and a blight to those we would not harm for all the world? We need to pray very earnestly that our lives may be so guided by Him, so under His protecting care that our every act, our every word, even the look on our faces, may be strong and helpful and uplifting.

We may not always know that the thoughts we express, the deep longings of our hearts for those we love, are doing

what we would like them to do. Weaving the web of life, we are so busy with the way we push the shuttle through, or the clatter of the loom, lest all should not be running as it should, that we do not note the beauty of the pattern growing under our hands. It is only when God lifts the finished cloth and holds it up for the light of His love to shine through that we behold what we have wrought.

At a meeting of young people, a young man read a paper into which he had put the best thought of his life. When it was done and he was gone, a minister, in speaking of the article to a friend, said:

"It could not help being good! Did you see what a good face he had? You could see that he has been with Jesus!"

This little tribute of appreciation came to the ears of the young man's father. Did not God take care that he should be thus encouraged? With tears in his eyes he said:

"I would rather the minister should be able to say that of my boy than to tell me he had fallen heir to a fortune!"

The hope, the care, the gentle leading of the father-heart are chiseling out a treasure that will last till the stars grow dim and God calls, "Come home!"

Gold or Dross?

Sometimes we mistake dross for gold. In the days of my boyhood, while removing some giant stones from the meadow, my father broke from one of them a great fragment. As the heavy maul struck the lump from the boulder, a smaller piece went hurtling through the air, glistening in the sunlight when it fell. How carefully we watched the shining thing until it at last rested on the earth! Very eagerly we followed its course, hunting in the grass until we held it in our hands. Was it gold? Surely it had the shimmer of that metal. From the rock my father broke other fragments, saving all the bright particles he could find. Then he took them away to one who was skilled in determining the value of metals to see if we really had found gold in the heart of the rock; but when he came back, father brought us the disappointing report that what we had hoped would prove to be the precious metal was only the most worthless dross!

How much of our lives is spent in just that way—gathering up dust which glitters, but glitters to deceive! Before our eyes some gay thing flutters into sight. It looks so beautiful as it sails above our heads! "We must have it!" we cry, and spring out and away in full pursuit. The

way is rough. We stumble and go down. Our feet are wet in the water of the brook through which we plunge. The sun is hot. The sweat stands out on our foreheads. Friends call us back, but we hurry madly on, for we must not lose sight of the object of our chase. When at last we come up to it and hold it in our hands, lo! it is only a dead leaf, drifting before the wind, or a bit of white foam, tossing on the shifting billow!

But the strange thing about it is that we are so blinded we still believe the faded leaf is worth all it has cost us! We hide it away in the soul's treasure-house, as if it were the only thing in life worthy to be sought and saved!

Look into the faces of the men and women you meet on the street to-day. What is the meaning of the expression you see there—so strained, so cold, so passionless? It sends a chill over the heart. And why the mad rush everywhere, day and night, showing itself in every movement—what does it reveal? What but that men are burning their souls out for dross!

And what a tragedy it is that so many fathers and mothers should tell their sons and daughters that the dross for which they are starving themselves is the only thing worth while! We hear it on every hand—"Dross is the thing that makes happy! Get it! Get it somehow, any-

how!" Papers and magazines hold up before our boys as examples of true success men who have amassed fortunes. Women who spend thousands for dress in a single year, women who wear gems in their hair and jewels on their feet—these are the pattern many hold up for their daughters! Oh, the bitterness of it all, that the beautiful temple of the soul should be cumbered with such poor, worthless things! By and by we shall come to the day of testing, then we will surely cry in sorrow and shame:

"Father, forgive! We have missed life's meaning! Our treasures are nothing but chaff! We have done nothing to make our own lives rich or to beautify the life of any one else!"

It need not be so. It is not necessary for us to build after such a fashion. Trinkets such as these need not be considered priceless jewels. For we have a better pattern—even the Lord's Christ! Following Him, we shall not make such fatal mistakes! Our souls will then be stored with real treasures! We shall have held the light so bright and clear that those whose lives have felt the touch of ours will have been made thereby sweeter and purer and grander! That will be worth while!

"A little while of mingled joy and sorrow,
A few more years to wander thus below,
To wait the dawning of that golden morrow,
When morn shall break above our night of woe.

"A few more thorns about our pathway growing
Ere yet our hands may cull the heavenly flowers;
The morning comes, but first the tearful sowing,
Ere we repose these weary souls of ours.

"A little while for winning souls to Jesus,
Ere we behold His beauty face to face;
A little while for healing soul diseases
By telling others of a Savior's grace.

"A little while to spread the joyful story
Of Him who made our guilt and curse His own;
A little while ere we behold the glory,
To gain fresh jewels for our heavenly crown.

"A little while, then we shall dwell forever
Within our bright, our everlasting home,
Where time or space or death can no more sever
Our grief-wrung hearts, and pain can never
come.

"'T is but a little while; the way is dreary,
The night is dark, but we are nearing land;
O for the rest of heaven, for we are weary,
And long to mingle with the deathless band!"

The Nest in the Ivy Vine

In the spring of every year there comes to an ivy-vine which clambers over one end of the porch of our country home a winsome little wren. Under the cover of the friendly leaves, the pretty little creature of the gray and brown feather builds her nest and rears her young. She seems never to be afraid of the people of the house who now and then come to peep over the edge of the nest to look at the

eggs or to rejoice at the mystery of the birdlings which burst from the shell in God's own time. If any expression more than another reveals itself in her twinkling eye, it is one of surprise that we should be so interested in what is to her the most commonplace of events. But I think she is glad we love her and do not drive her from the sheltering vine.

Just about the same time of the year, out in the old High Sweet apple tree in the yard, for many years a bluebird made her home in a hole well up the side of the trunk. I am sure she would be coming yet were it not for the fact that the fine old tree went down one day in a storm. The bluebird, too, seemed very happy to be so near to her friends of human kind, and surely we have always been glad that we were thus honored. It seemed to us that the birds show their confidence in venturing so near; and if the time ever comes when they no longer build their nests round our home, we shall be afraid there is something wrong on our part, and set about it at once to mend our ways. What would the home be to us without the birds! Birds and boys and girls keep the heart from breaking! When the birds take their flight we are lonely, but there is still comfort in the presence of the young folks. When they, too, slip out of the home-nest and fly away, it seems as if the clock of

time has stopped—we miss its cheery ticking in every room of the house!

Be glad when birds and boys and girls come under the shadow of your rooftree!

A farmhouse I know is the refuge of men and women for miles around who have trouble of any kind. Many, many times every year the woman with the sweet face who makes that home the best place in all the world for her husband and the children sits down in her pretty room heart-to-heart with some farmer's wife who has missed her way in the darkness and needs a word of cheer. Scarcely less often does the farmer leave his work and come in from the fields to listen to the story of some man whose life has not been what it should be, and who feels that he must lay his heart bare to some one he can trust! And they all go away with a new resolve and a brighter hope. If all the stories which come to this couple of the old farm home could be told, they would make a book more thrilling than any romance.

But why do these sore-hearted ones come to this home, rather than to any other? For the same reason that the birds build their nests in the old ivy-vine by our porch. As the way-worn traveler, spent by his Alpine climbing, seeks the shelter of the hospice, so these travelers on life's harder way flee to the comforting presence of this man and woman of the pure heart.

The secret? Is it not the love shining out in word and kindly deed? Would the tempest-tossed come to that farm home more than once if they should be met the first time with a harsh rebuff? Ah, no! They would creep away in sorrow, with bowed heads, moaning, "We thought we would find a friend in you! Our hearts were so sore; now they are broken!"

And there are so many who need comforting! Look at the tear-stained faces which gaze into your own every time you step from your door! Life presses so hard! Its problems are so difficult! How it does help just to sit down face to face with one who knows about the burden and who cares! Who cares! That is it! So many do not care. They do not want to care. It is too much trouble to care! Thank the kind Heavenly Father that there are still many who care!

The Scar that Was Hidden

Waking in a lonely cabin home which had given him refuge when he was tired and sick and discouraged, a traveler noticed a pretty vine climbing up the side of the wall from a vase on a stand below. Over one particular place he saw that the vine had been trained to hold its course back and forth a number of times. Curious to know why this was so, he rose and pulled

the leaves away. Just where the leaves were thickest he saw a great break in the wall. It was to hide this broken spot that the vine had been so delicately led to trace its way back and forth.

"It is like the kindness they have shown me when I least expected it!" he said to himself. "They took my hand and drew me in when I knocked at their door! It is a lowly home, and yet rich in love! And that love reaches even to the broken places in my life!"

What does the love of your heart cover in the life of your neighbor? Ought it not to hide all the mistakes, all the sins, all the broken places? That is what God's greater love does for you. Stop and think of it! "Oh!" do you say, "I do not want to think of it! Far more gladly would I have it all wiped out of mind!"

That is what I heard a man say one night at the Bowery Mission in New York. It was a time of giving personal experience, and every word was full of sobs. The story of the man of whom I speak had been told. Then came the agonizing cry:

"Oh! if I could only forget the past with all its sins and its heartaches! Then I could begin really to live! If I could only forget!"

Across the room a lady with the calm of heaven in her face rose and said:

"God knows it is not best that you

should forget! You might slip back and be lost if you could forget! He is kinder to you than you think! He does not let you forget, because He loves you so! Memory is the best friend you have, aside from God! It *is* God, working out your salvation! Oh, I know how it hurts, but its hurt is so merciful! It saves!"

Yes, memory is a chain of gold binding us to the right life! If it should break we would fall to the bottomless pit! Then, think of what you were when God lifted you from the miry clay and set your feet upon the rock! Torn by passion, tormented by sin, yet not owning the cause of your trouble! Blinded by the glamour of your evil life, yet loving the thing which is working your ruin! Wandering alone on the mountains, where the thorns tear your flesh and the storm beats upon you pitilessly, yet listening only to the voice of the evil spirit whispering ever, "This is the right pathway! Follow me! I will make you happy!" Then, when your feet were fast taking hold upon hell, He had mercy upon you and lifted you out and up to Himself! Oh, love so boundless! And shall not your love, which is only the love of God showing through your life, reach to the uttermost? O Father! Give us more of this mighty love, the love which sees not the mistakes of others, but which never misses the good. Give us grace to

build the temple of our lives high enough and wide enough to take in every poor, lost sinner who comes to our door seeking shelter from the storm! May the door to our guest chamber ever stand ajar, for then will our trysting with the Great Guest be the sweeter when He comes!

Fruitage

Sometimes it seems as if we make very slow progress in building this part of our life-temple. It is so easy to see the faults of others! We wonder why Mary is so queer; and it certainly does seem strange that John should be a man of such peculiar characteristics. He had a good father and mother: what is the reason he does not follow in their footsteps? It must be he "takes back" to some unworthy ancestor of the long ago. We forget the time when Mary sent over the flowers, robbing her own plants, because we were to need them. The long, weary nights which John spent in caring for the neighbor who was sick do not impress us half as much as do the occasional lapses from what we term the straight road of right; and we have forgotten all the hard years through which John and Mary have been working and sacrificing for their children, so that they might "get an education." It does not seem to us we ever could live with either of them. And oh, the shame of it! when we

see them coming we feel like running away into the house, locking the door, pulling down the curtains, as if we were not at home, leaving them to knock and knock and go away sore and heartsick because they could not talk over with us some of the worrying things of their lives.

That is the natural heart. But it is not the way He received us when we came knocking at His door. Our knock was so faint and timid; and yet He heard it and opened so quickly! When we think of that, how poor and mean seems our inclination to hide from the one who needs us so; and we make haste to smooth back the hair, to slip on the prettiest dress we have, and be ready at the door with a smile and a hearty "God bless you!"

Thus we have built into the guest-room of the soul a beautiful panel, all traced over with lilies; and I think the angels must rejoice when they look into this room, all radiant with love, and see how we long to make it a little heaven to the tired ones who enter it from afar! Each time we gain such a victory it is a little easier to open the heart's door to the needy one. And is not this one of the most encouraging things of all, that we should live so that God is able to see in us day by day a little more of grace, still more of patience with the shortcomings of others, a finer sense of the hard lives others are

leading, less of the rust of selfishness and more of the glow of the love that never faileth! This is the fruitage Jesus wants to see in us.

Out on the farm we set out some beautiful apple trees. The season proved to be a good one, and every one of the trees lived. How we watched them, the laddie who had helped me set them out and I! How faithfully we tended them, digging about the roots and watching for any sign of the attack of an enemy: and the trees came into bearing. One tree, which had been especially thrifty, had now reached a diameter of six or seven inches, and, to our great joy, a goodly number of choice apples hung from its branches. If you have ever watched a tree you have set out with your own hands up through the years, you know how we rejoiced when we saw this fruit. So, it seems to me, the Savior must rejoice when He sees the promise of fruit in your life and mine.

Then suddenly something happened to our dear little tree. The leaves began to fade. The branches took on a lifeless look. The trunk lost its healthy appearance. Oh, the sorrow of it all! But most of grief came to us when we saw the roses fade from the cheek of the fruit! Half-grown they hung there, pale and withered! Our tree was dead! Its fruit spoiled forever by some unseen foe!

It is an awful thing when a human soul fails to bear fruit! How the Master must grieve over such a disaster! And yet it does sometimes happen. Love grows cold. The spirit-life loses its vitality. The fruit which once promised so well comes to naught. The enemy of souls has stung the heart and it is dead! Oh, how close we need to keep to the source of life! Feeding on His Word, holding communion with Him every moment, clinging to His mighty hand—this is the only way of coming at last to the harvest!

Against Whom May the Door Be Closed?

But surely we can not receive into our guest-room all who come! Who is the one we may shut out? This one with the stained and broken life, who has gone so far that society has little room for him? How can we let him into the sweet guest-chamber?

A maker of violins had put his very best into an instrument which a great musician had ordered of him. "Make it your very best. Spare no cost!" had been the directions given the manufacturer; and he thought the violin he had made surely would satisfy the critical taste of his customer. But the musician came and tried the instrument. It did not please him, and

with an expression of disgust he hurled the delicate thing down upon the floor, crushing it to fragments, and went away. For a long time the man who had made the violin sat there, grieved and disappointed that his efforts should have come to nothing. Then he gathered up the broken pieces and set himself to a greater task—the task of making out of the fragments a new instrument. When it was all done he sent for the musician and asked him to try this other violin; and now the man was enraptured with the tones which his bow drew from the strings. The music of the summer leaves fluttered from them; the laughing of the brook rippled at the touch of the bow; joy, sorrow, peace, fury, sunshine, and storm—every expression of the passion of the human heart were in the new instrument. With a smile the musician rose.

"You have succeeded!" he said. "I am satisfied! Tell me how it is that you could do this time what you did not do before?"

"This is the very same violin, sir! Only it took more of patience to make it from those pieces! But you see it could be done!"

Sin may turn the life to ashes. Jesus Christ can take those dead, cold ashes and turn them into the brightest jewels! Sin may crush the life out of the beautiful in-

strument. The Christ can make of the fragments a harp which shall make the world, aye! heaven itself, thrill with melody!

Turn him away? Yonder he comes now! The blur of evil is in his eyes. His feet shuffle along the street in the uncertain way that marks the blight of sin. His hand trembles. His brain reels on its throne. Oh, the awful waste when manhood lies in ruin! On every feature you read the story of sin, SIN, SIN! And he is headed straight for your door! What now shall you do? Leave the fragments of the once beautiful instrument lying where they have fallen? How can you, with your poor, faulty, unlovely life, do anything for such a soul? It is true, you can not do it; but God, working in and through you, can do all things. In His strength you can help to rebuild the harp and bring back to it the music of heaven!

So open the door of your heart! Take the wanderer into the very guest-chamber of your life! Think not of the muddy feet, the feet which have walked so far down the road of death; they will not soil the most delicate thing of your soul-temple, for God will not let it be so. Forget the dust of the world, thick though it has settled over the garments of the man who stands with outstretched hands, pleading with you in the name of the Master not to

turn him away! Not a speck of that dust will fall where it will harm you. Fragments are here, and only fragments. Fragments of a manhood once strong and noble. Fragments of opportunities rudely shattered by evil. Fragments of a babyhood holy and sacred as the heart of the mother who once rocked this man in her arms. Fragments of all that God ever made and put into a human soul! Yes, fragments; but, thanks be to His name, there are still fragments, and they may be gathered up and made whole again!

See, he is on his knees now! Kneel by his side. Listen! his seared lips are framing the plea of the penitent! Cry aloud to God with him for mercy! Hark! the soul is going up in a mighty appeal for mercy! Mingle your prayer with his! Silence now! It is God's time. Let Him do His work! Oh, the eternal conflict waging everywhere between the spirit of light and the spirit of darkness! Which will it be, victory or defeat? Oh, Father of the lost, have pity, have pity and save, for the sake of Thy dear Son! He is worthy and Thou art able!

He rises! A new light is in his face! The battle has been won! It is victory! Born again! Redeemed! Peace in the soul and a new purpose in the heart! Because you opened your door! Had you kept it shut, heaven might have been the

poorer and your crown would have lost a jewel!

We May Not Know

Not always may we know what our hands have wrought. The tree we planted may not come to fruitage till we have gone away. The rosebush by the side of the door, watered by our hands, may not bloom in time for our eyes to behold its beauty. But some day we will see and be satisfied.

Away down below the surface of the earth a man is tending an engine. It is dark down there, save as he now and then opens the door of his furnace to put in more coal. A bell rings out a signal, and he throws the throttle a little wider. Another signal, and the wheels stop.

"Are n't you lonely down here?" you ask, thinking of the long hours which must pass before the man's day's work is done. "You have so little company!"

A smile.

"Oh, I am never lonely! You see, I keep thinking what I am helping to do! I am doing my part toward building this grand cathedral! Every time the bell rings, it is my signal to lift another block of marble to the walls. It is my part, though I do not see it now! When it is all done, I shall look up and be glad I could help a little!"

Lifting blocks of marble we do not see! Helping to build, yet not seeing the completed work this side eternity! But then we shall know; then our eyes, now holden, shall behold the glory we have helped to win for the Master! So we will go on seeking the lost! God never stops; why should we?

In the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania the little child of a Hungarian miner was lost. A whole troop of State police was directed to join in the search, and for miles and miles, on foot and on horse, those soldiers of the Commonwealth scoured the country, never resting till the baby was found and returned to its parents.

No child of God is of such little worth that God does not hear and answer its cry! You and I are His messengers. Should we let the call go unheeded?

Flowers for the Life-Temple

It was a bare old farmhouse, with never a vine or a flower growing near. In the front yard a few apple trees grew; but they were scraggly and bore no fruit that could be used. The windows of the house were dark and small and dreary looking. Fine for location, it seemed dismal and uninviting. Few visitors ever stopped at its doors.

A new man came to the old place. He lifted the house from the ground to a finer foundation. He put in larger windows. He built a deep porch at the side, and a bay-window let in the sunshine when the day was westering. Best of all, he set out many vines and planted flowers. Among other vines was a purple clematis, which soon threw its beautiful blossoms over the front porch. Passersby began to note the change. Especially did the clematis attract them, for never before had such a flower blossomed in that valley. Halting by the side of the road, they would ask the lady with the sweet face who spent much time in the yard: "Will you please tell us what that lovely vine is? It is so beautiful! Where can we get one like it?"

With a smile, she told them all about it, and they went away to think and to dream about the new plant and to plan for one, to be set out at their own homes. Now all up and down the valley you may see the clematis blossoming over the porches of the farmhouses, ever telling their stories of love and grace and beauty.

But a more beautiful flower was planted by the man and woman of that quiet country home. Their simple, earnest lives reproduced themselves in many a heart which had long been cold. The purple clematis was beautiful. Grander by far

the joy which radiated from the souls of the two, helping and lifting heavenward through all the years.

Is your home a place men love to visit? Do they turn to it for hope and help and cheer? Flowers around the house attract and inspire to better things. Flowers in the heart win and woo to heaven! Truth is beautiful. Sincerity binds men with cords of steel. Even a child responds to the mother love.

Good Cheer

She was only a slip of a girl, too young by far for the place into which the stress of time had forced her—that of waiting at the tables of a public restaurant. Two ladies sat at one of the tables at midday. Somehow a mistake had been made in the order of one of the visitors.

"I thought I told you to bring me coffee, not tea!"

The words were flung out with a steel-cold ring that made the little maiden tremble.

"You waiters are always so stupid! Take this back and bring me what I ordered!"

The girl's face flushed scarlet, then she turned ashen-pale. Her hands shook more than before, and the cup she started to take back fell from the tray, spilling its

contents over the beautiful silk dress of the lady who sat next to the one who had spoken these harsh words.

A startled look shot over the face of the girl. She broke into tears. Her heart had been ready to break before; this was all that was needed to make her cup of sorrow full. She was sure she would now be complained of and receive her discharge. But the lady, half rising, brushed the flood from her ruined dress, saying very tenderly:

"Never mind, dearie! Do n't you feel bad! You did not mean to do it, I know."

Then she drew the girl down close to her and kissed her on the hot cheek.

A sweet flower, making holy the temple of that lady's life! It brought a bit of sunshine to the shadow of a lonely heart.

Then, too, let's give hope a place in the heart-life. Oh, for the power to see the bright side of things!

For days it had been raining. We were all shut indoors. The clouds still hung heavy in the sky. How eagerly we had been waiting and watching for signs that the storm was over! From his watch-tower our cheery-hearted little boy suddenly cried:

"Mamma, Mamma! It's going to stop! I see the blue sky way off yonder!"

Strain our eyes as we might, none of us who were older could catch the twinkle

of the blue beyond the shadows; but our little man was right. He saw the sunny side of the cloud! God grant that this blessed gift of seeing the silver lining of every cloud may be his through life!

Over the fence a shower of roses fell by the side of the road. A tired little girl, passing that way, caught sight of them, and her heart hungered for just one!

"You would n't be willing for me to pick just one, would you?" she asked of the lady over the fence.

"Lots of them, childie!" came back the cheery answer. "And I'll help you pick them! You pick, and I'll be your helper!"

And the little girl's arms were filled full. She carried them across the village to the railway station. Through the subway to the city she bore them. Across the great bridge to her home in the suburbs, and everywhere the roses made glad the hearts of all who saw them. Lavishly the girl gave of her treasures to all who would take them. The cars were heavy with the perfume of the lovely flowers; and the sweetest fragrance of all was the love planted in the weary child's heart by the kiss which warmed her cheek as the last rose was laid on her bundle! The fragrance of that rose will last across time to eternity, for it was the rose of service, planted by the hands of the Christ Himself. Plant the red rose of service by the

door of your life-temple! It stands for life—the life He gave for us all!

Purity of heart. Give it a place in the temple you are building. The power to come into touch with the world and not be harmed by it is one of God's rarest gifts. Let's give it a place in the cosiest corner by the wall of our life-temple.

At a certain place, close by the water's edge, an arch of cement had been built. It seemed so strong when first erected that no one ever thought it could be disturbed by flood or foe. The watchful eye of a man passing one day discovered that the arch was beginning to crumble at the very water's edge. With his fingers he picked a number of pieces from the masonry. The beautiful thing was doomed. What was it that had worked this ruin? Men of science studied over it a long time; then they decided that it was the bite of an alkali in the water which lapped the foot of the arch, coming into contact with the air, which had spoiled the masonry. By many thoughtful men it is now believed that to the action of this foe upon the seemingly impregnable rock is due the destruction of some of the great dams of this country, with the attendant terrible loss of life and property which has so startled the world. Through some tiny crevice the water seeps from above, bearing with it the alkali in solution. The

moment the atmosphere touches it, the strength of the chemical is increased, and it begins its work of disintegration. Scientists have few more difficult problems than to find some way of overcoming this deadly enemy.

Just so fatal is the touch of sin, unless the soul is guarded against it. How shall we be sure that evil will not undermine and lay waste the temple of the soul? We must touch the world every day. It is part of our very life-work to meet it somewhere as long as we live. We must come in contact with men and women, doing our best to win them for the Kingdom. But what if we are ourselves won away from our purpose? What if the stain of sin comes upon our souls? What if God's plan for us should be spoiled by the contaminating touch of evil?

There is only one way by which this may be avoided—possessing the love of God in the heart.

Men have sought everywhere for some material which will so envelop wires and cables of metal that they will not be ruined by rust. They have found it in gutta-percha. Wrapped in this substance, wires may be sunk to the bottom of the sea and not be harmed.

Jesus did not pray that His followers might be taken out of the world; they could not be spared that way. His plea

was, "That Thou shouldst keep them from the evil." And then He added, "Sanctify them through Thy truth; Thy Word is truth." Panoplied thus, we may go forth day by day close-pressed by sin, yet unscathed by it! The dust of the mine may fall thick upon the cheek of the pure-white flower, but the dew and the shower of the night will wash it clean before morning! Sweet, crimson-washed flower of purity, thank God I may adorn the temple of my soul with thee!

Your Alabaster Box

It is not a year since a man and woman were wedded in one of our great cities. Just before the ceremony was performed, the bridegroom threw about the neck of the one he loved a rope of pearls which, when clasped, reached to the floor. At her neck other brilliants sparkled, the gift of his love. Not satisfied with these, he placed in her hands securities valued at four million dollars. So the flood-tide of his devotion was poured out upon the object of his affection. Surely he must have loved her, we say, for it is only when the heart is deeply stirred that it gives so lavishly.

Now listen to another story of giving. Tears were in the eyes of many at a ministerial conference recently held in one of

our States when a little pasteboard box, carefully tied with a piece of twine, was opened in the presence of those in attendance. The minister who brought the little package stated that it had been placed in his hands by a woman whose name he had promised not to reveal, with the request that he should give it to the missionary treasurer of the denomination. Upon being opened, the box was found to contain one thousand dollars in United States bank-notes. A slip of paper accompanying stated the specific purposes to which the money was to be applied.

Those who knew with how much of sacrifice and prayer the little hoard had been saved looked upon the incident as indeed the breaking of an alabaster box of ointment, very precious, upon the head and the feet of the Lord she loved so well, for it was the saving of a lifetime. Sweet flower of love for the great lost world out yonder! How its rich fragrance rises to heaven, like the perfume of a flower bruised in the chalice of self-sacrifice! How it stirs the heart to purer devotion to the Christ! Surely its fragrance never will be lost.

Not many years ago one of the world's greatest pearls came into the possession of one who was a lover of gems. To receive his treasure, the man had a costly casket made, with many a lock, opened

by the use of a number of keys. But now, where should he keep his casket? His present home seemed far too poor a place for the hiding of a pearl like this, and he built a palace for the purpose. Here, in a secret chamber, on a table of white marble, he placed the casket. Only trusted and bidden guests could ever feast their eyes upon this pearl of great price. The head of the nation offered him immense wealth, rank, and honor if he would but transfer to him the beautiful gem. No such offer tempted him.

Then, through a change of political fortune, the owner of the pearl was forced to flee from the country. In his bosom he hid his treasure and hastened to a distant city. Here he one day gathered a little company of friends to whom he purposed to show the lovely pearl. With eager fingers he turned key after key till he reached the heart of the casket. A pallor like that of death spread over his face, the face a moment ago flushed with the red of pride. Why did his hands tremble so now? Ah! A shadow had fallen upon his gem! It was no longer a thing of beauty! Soon it would crumble into dust! A blight had stricken it forever!

Yes, the brightest jewel at last loses its luster in the hot crucible of God! The string of pearls tossed over the shoulders of the bride will one day pale with the

mildew of passing years! The millions in stocks and bonds will take wing to themselves and disappear; but the mite won by aching fingers and saved for the Master will never lose its beauty! In many a humble home to-night in city and in country springs the blossom of love divine. It may be seen by few mortal eyes, but God sees it, and He will give it place among the gems of His Kingdom!

From Life's Watchtower

"Take long looks, away to the hills, every day!" a physician said to one who came to him for advice in the day when his sight was failing. "You have been looking at things nearby so long—things that are so small! It has injured your eyes; and there is no better way of bringing back their sight than to turn them away to some object miles distant and hold them there as long as you can!"

Long looks! How we need them in our soul-life. More and more spiritual short-sightedness seems to be coming over the men and women of our times. The soul seems to be losing its power to see the great things of life. We have centered our thought so upon the small things of time and sense!

So let us build into the fabric of our temple not made with hands a watch-

tower from which we may take far looks out over God's great world. To this, on the days when the lamp of hope flickers and bids fair to go out, and when the heart loses its faith in men, let us climb and watch afar for signs that God is still in the heavens and that all things are yet well. It is we who are wrong. The short look has hurt our vision. There are yet many good men and true in the world, men who are the salt of the earth, the light shining clear into dark places. The far look is what we need to give us right views of God and His dealings with the world. A little while up there with Him will fit us to come down, heartened, cheered, and ready once more for life's little round of duty.

"Down again? Why should we come down? Why may we not stay up here forever and dream and rejoice!"

"It is a good thing," says Dr. George Murray Colville, "to go often to the upper room, but it is better not to stay there always. That would weaken the heart and unfit it for service—service for God and the hastening of His Kingdom!"

And is it not true? The high tower for long looks Godward and manward; the lower rooms for service for Christ and our fellows!

The Making of a Bell

For the making of a bell, the best skill in the world is sought. Only those who are artists in their profession can be entrusted with this work. So difficult a task is it that not long ago one of the great men of the world expressed the opinion that "rarely, if ever, are bells in tune." From the preparation of the material to the tuning all must be done with the utmost care, if we would have bells that are at once sweet, harmonious, and durable. Once a bell is thus made, it will stand almost any strain without injury.

Have you forgotten the crumbling of the Campanile of St. Mark's about ten years ago? For a thousand years this was the most conspicuous landmark of all the country round about; but it collapsed and came to the ground with a mighty crash, carrying with it the statue of the angel of peace which had crowned its summit, as well as the beautiful belfry of marble with its world-famed bells. Surely, you will say, those bells never could ring out their glad peals over the world again! For nine years the work of restoring the Campanile has been going on, and now the task has been completed. Once more the sweet-sounding bells have been swung to their old place in the belfry. Once more they ring out their "Glory to God in the high-

est!" But this was possible solely because of the exceeding great care with which the bells had been made in the beginning.

First of all in the process comes the making of the mold. How carefully must this work be done! A single mistake on the part of the workmen and failure would follow, resulting, perhaps, in a great explosion, with attending loss of life and property. Many a building has been blown to fragments through the blunder of men in making the mold of a great bell. And so very carefully must the core be made which is to give size and shape to the inside of the bell. Deep in the pit of the furnace, at its very mouth, the core is placed. With great nicety must the hood of iron be adjusted, giving fashion to the outside of the bell. Patiently must the metal be mixed and tempered and heated before it is at last led out of the furnace to the molds prepared for the casting of the bell. After that is all done, days more must be spent in tuning the bell. Flake after flake of the metal must be ground away, until the proper pitch is obtained. Only the trained ear of a master may determine when that moment has come. But at last it will come! The bell is ready to be lifted to its place in the tower, ready for its sweet service through the years.

From foundation wall to turret we have built our temple of the soul. Under God's

direction, we have come to the tower of the bells. Patience, good cheer, hope, love—all the graces which He prizes most have we tried to bring to perfection, as the Master Builder has given us the plan and as the Holy Spirit has pointed out the way! Not yet is all done; ever must we keep doing! But now we have come to the crowning effort! May He still lay His hand on ours and fit us for the joy of ringing out over life's ways the glory and the beauty of Christ's evangel!

Deep in the workshop of the soul we will let God shape the fashion of our chimes. It may be dark down there. We may hold the breath, lest we mistake the meaning of some sacred task we are to do. Father of us all, guide our hands through the darkness! May the shadow of every experience only tend to make us better fitted to sound out the appeal to men! We would pray Thee that Thou shouldst grant that no impatient word, no rebellious thought, nor even look, may spoil the beauty of our work! Thou knowest how we love Thee! Keep us and help us to be worthy to sound out Thy praise through all the years Thou givest us here! We would that we might be so near to Thee that when the day is done, and we fold our hands to rest, the likeness shall be complete. When we speak the words, "I shall be satisfied when I wake in Thy like-

ness," may it be more than a pleasant dream; may the hope be swallowed up in fruition!

And, then, fit and temper all that is to go into the holy thing we call our evangel! We can not do it of ourselves. Should we try, our sin-stained fingers would miss of their task and bring naught but failure.

"Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!"

Give us, day by day, the earnestness, the patience, the gentleness of spirit which shall fit us to sound forth the praises of our King, and thus woo and win souls to Thee!

In Thine own good time, too, bring the bells of our souls into tune with ourselves and with Thee. May no discordant note hurt the ear of one who listens! We know this may mean that Thou shouldst send us pain of body, mind, and spirit, even as the bells of time are ground and shaped and polished with infinite care to make them sweet and full and true! Help us to say through it all, "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in Thy sight!"

So some day we shall stand complete in Thee. Then from the high tower of our

souls shall ring out the call to God! We know not if our place shall be small or great—it matters not; Thou knowest, and all is well. It may be ours simply to halt some tired toiler in life's narrow valley, shut in by the hills, and summon him to thought of Thee for a little while. It may be our note shall be the humblest of all. We know that often the sweetest note in the chime of bells is the one no common ear can hear. Thou wilt surely hear, so help us that the note may ever be clear, pure, and sweet! There will be other bells to thunder out the giant tones which shall shake the earth. Each in his place; if we but fill the niche Thou hast for us, it will be enough! Grant that some child, wandering on the thorny hillsides of life, or straying in the meadow, catching the melody of the music we shall make, may lift his eyes from the flowers he is picking long enough to look up and see Thy dear face and be drawn heavenward! And give us that we may ever do our very best for Thee!

Strike Thou the keys; we would yield ourselves wholly to Thee!

For this temple we have been building is for Thee. Come in, Thou who art from everlasting to everlasting, God! Fill our whole being! Take possession of our souls! Be not a guest for the passing hour; dwell with us! Be to us all, and

more than all, until at last we are swallowed up in Thee!

"Not a brief glance, I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free—
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me!

"I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!"

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